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## ESSAY ON EPITAPHS.

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The word EPITAPH is derived from the Greek, ἐπι, on, and ταφος, a tomb.

The Greeks employed this term, to designate the dirge or funeral song, that was sung in honour of the dead, on the day of the funeral and its returning anniversary. In modern times, its sense is confined to any kind of inscription placed on a tomb.

The object of the Epitaph is to make known the character, condition, and actions of the person to whose memory the monument is erected. It ought, therefore, to be clear and simple; and if, to these qualities, the merit of conciseness be added, its perfection will be complete. Such is the epitaph of General Mercy, who was buried in the field of battle, at Nordlingue, where he had been mortally wounded:

'Siste, Viator, heroem calcas:'

'Stop, traveller, you tread on a hero.'

There is likewise a very ingenious epitaph, in St. Paul's, on the tomb-stone of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of that Cathedral:

'Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice.'

'If you seek for his monument, look around.'

The only thing to regret is, that this inscription is placed on a stone, which is confined in a vault, instead of being exhibited in the most conspicuous part of that famous edifice. Envy chose the place, but esteem dictated the inscription.

The funeral pillar erected at Paris, in the 'Cimetière de l'Est, to the memory of the conqueror of Zurich, has, for its inscription, only this word,

'Massena.'

This epitaph has been supposed to be imitated from that of Tasso, but this is an error. The epitaph, inscribed on the tomb, erected, by Cardinal Bevilacqua, to the memory of that great poet, is far from being so simple and concise. It is true, that, on the modest stone temporarily placed over him, till the erection of a mausoleum worthy of his fame, the following words only are to be seen, which the monks of St. Onofrio caused to be engraved on it:

'Torquati Tassi

Ossa,

Hic jacent.

Hoc ne nescias

Esse, hospes,

Frates hujus eccl.

P. P.

MDCL'

'Here, Visitor, lie the Bones of Torquato Tasso. The religious Brothers of this Community have erected this stone to remind you of the fact.

MDCL'

If this epitaph contains that of Massena, it does so as a block of marble contains a perfect statue; but which the hand of the artist is requisite to draw forth.

On the monument which the Marchioness de Santa Cruz caused to be made, by Canova, for her daughter, the following inscription is to be read:

'Mater infelicissima filiae et sibi.'

'The most wretched of mothers for her daughter and herself.'

Nothing can be more affecting.

The epitaph is not always distinguished by its gravity; as, for instance, that in the church of St. Como, which is inscribed on the tomb of François Treillac, whom nature had decked with a horn on his forehead:

'Dans ce petit endroit, à part,  
Gist un très-singulier cornard;  
Car il l'était sans avoir femme.  
Passants, priez Dieu pour son ame.'

'In this retired paltry corner,  
Lies a most eccentric hornier;  
For horned he was without a spouse—  
Pray, passenger, for his repose.'

The epitaph sometimes assumes the style of the epigram, as for example:

'Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,  
Pas même académicien.'

'Here lies Piron, a man of parts,  
But not ev'n a master of arts.'

Another of the same kind:

'Ci-gît ma femme, qu'elle est bien  
Pour son repos et pour le mien.'

'Here lies my wife, and be she blest;  
She's now at ease, and I'm at rest.'

Sometimes a sort of jocular pleasantry is attached to the epitaph, such as the following on Montmaur, who had more memory than judgment:

'Sous cette casaque noire  
Repose bien doucement  
Montmaur, d'heureuse mémoire,  
Attendant le Jugement.'

'Under this notless stone, reclines Montmaur,  
Of happy memory—wanting judgment more.  
In life a happy memory his doom—  
His destiny is Judgment yet to come.'

It may be necessary to observe, however, that some of these epitaphs have been inscribed on perishable paper only.

The epitaph has also occasionally assumed the character of the madrigal:

'Ci-gît Amour qui bien aimer faisait,  
Les faux amants l'ont jeté hors de vie:  
Amour vivant n'est plus que tricherie;  
Pour franc Amour priez Dieu s'il vous plaît.'

'Here peaceful Love's true votary reclines,  
Whom a false lover to the tomb consigns:  
Love in this treach'rous life's a faithless vow;  
But the great God of love requites him now.'

The tombs that we meet with in gardens are not always cenotaphs, or empty tombs; as frequently there is deposited in them a dog or a cat, or some other favourite animal of the family, to which the poet of their social circle devotes an epitaph. The following is an inscription on an urn which is placed in a bed of roses, and contains the ashes of a sparrow:

'L'oiseau, sous ces fleurs enterré,  
N'enchantait pas par son ramage,  
N'étonnait pas par son plumage;  
Mais il aimait, il fut pleuré.'

'Here lies a bird that charmed not with his lay,  
Nor smote th' admiring eye with plumage gay:  
Love was his only trade and only art;  
He's wept and honour'd, for he had a heart.'

The ashes of the author of the 'Heloise' and the 'Emilius' have now lain for a number of years, in a romantic spot, situated in the Lake of Ermenonville, where the proprietor of that charming retreat has erected a monument to Rousseau's memory. Nothing can be more congenial with the spirit of that author, and the surrounding scenery, than the epitaph written by the poet Ducis:

'Entre ces peupliers paisibles,  
Repose Jean Jacques Rousseau.  
Approchez, cœurs droits et sensibles,  
Votre ami dort sous ce tombeau.'

'Beneath these stately poplars' peaceful gloom,  
Here lies Rousseau, the inmate of this tomb.  
O ye of tender heart and glowing mind,  
Here you're at home, for here your friend's reclined.'

Some few authors, among whom Virgil is comprised, have taken a fancy to write their own epitaphs. That which Count Alfieri made on himself, begins with these words: 'Hic requiescit tandem:' Here, at length, he rests. The idea is a fine one, but not novel or original; for a Swedish nobleman, the Comte de Tessin, the Governor of Gustavus III., who had been loaded with honours, and had passed all his life in courts, and in the tumult of pleasures, had ordered this inscription on his tomb: 'Tandem felix,' 'Happy at length!'

Of all the men that have written their own epitaphs, the one who knew himself the best, and has best made himself known to others, (La Fontaine,) thus describes himself:

'Jean s'en alla comme il était venu,  
Mangeant le fond avec le revenu.  
Croyant trésor chose peu nécessaire;  
Quant à son temps, bien sut le dispenser;  
Deux parts en fit, dont il souloit passer,  
L'une à dormir, et l'autre à ne rien faire.'

'John went away, as he had come,  
And spent both capital and income.  
To hoard up gold he felt no care,  
Nor laid up treasure any where;  
Of time alone, with due precision,  
In portions two, he made division;  
One half to sleep and dreams he cast,  
The other in doing nothing pass'd.'

To quote an epitaph after this is, to pay it a high compliment, and one which, we think, the following deserves:

'Nu j'étais quand on m'a pondu,  
Et nu je suis sous cette pierre:  
Ainsi, mes amis, sur la terre,  
Je n'ai rien gagné, ni perdu.'

'Naked I was when first I broke the shell,  
Naked again beneath Death's stroke I fell;  
Thus, my good friends, I've nothing, on this earth,  
Or lost or gained, either at death or birth.'

It is obvious that epitaphs are composed from the impulse of very different sentiments in different people. There is, however, no species of composition which so seldom answers the purpose it is designed for; and the principal reason of this is, we think, the want of a proper and harmonising feeling, which would shed over the sanctuaries of the dead the calm and softened solemnity of religious quiet. The elm-shaded church-yard of the village; the close and crowded burial-grounds of a city, the proud aisle of tombs and monuments, and the solitary mausoleum of nobility,—all owe their origin and sanctity to one common cause; and, if this were always borne in mind by the writers of epitaphs, there would be, in all their different styles, a similar propriety and tenderness, an equal fitness and seriousness of sentiment, whether the inscription was for the emblazoned tomb of a monarch, or the simple stone of a peasant's grave. In the epitaphs quoted above, there is more of Grecian wit than natural feeling; and it is a remark which may be applied to almost all those which have been written, either by the ancients or modern men of learning.

## MEMORIALS OF SHAKSPEARE.

*Memorials of Shakspeare.* By Nathan Drake, M. D. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1828.

SHAKSPEARE has been fortunate in his critics. We know of no celebrated writer, of either ancient or modern times, who has engaged the attention, not merely of so many, but of such celebrated, scholars, as himself. One era after another has brought forth its commentators and its critics; the greatest men of each successive period have thought themselves well-employed upon his pages, and have brought out the fullest stores of their learning, and the highest powers of their genius, in their elucidation. If we were not in danger of being thought whimsical in our speculations, we should say that it would be easy to decide upon the literary character of the different periods which have elapsed since the time of Shakspeare, by an examination of the opinions and style of his principal commentators. But if this should seem extravagant, it is beyond all doubt that in nothing is the peculiar character of the great men, who have been thus employed, more distinctly seen than in their manner of treating this subject. Pope, clear and elegant, but, at the same time, cold and fastidious, in his mental constitution, made havoc with the text of his author, which, as Dr. Drake rightly observes, he manifestly did not understand. Johnson, who, with all his learning, his strong reason, and bold grasp of truth, was as full of affectation, and as little susceptible of genuine poetical feeling, as any writer that ever lived, talked of Shakspeare's superiority in comedy to tragedy, and evidently knew nothing of the pure and fervent spirit that lay beneath the language, the innumerable corrections of which offended him. But he was a critic of the highest order in all that regarded the verbiage of poetry; and his talent and judgment, in this respect, were both eminently displayed in his criticism on Shakspeare. In our own times, the same remark is applicable to the authors who have written on the style and genius of the great poet. Hazlitt's peculiar habits of thought, his straining after originality, and frequently successful discovery of objects which escape a less keen and eager observation, are strongly manifested in his lectures on this author. The German writer, Schlegel, shows that clear, penetrating, and poetical genius for criticism, for which he is distinguished more strongly in his remarks on Shakspeare, than in any other of his works; and Coleridge, in the splendid and exquisitely beautiful lecture contained in Doctor Drake's collection, has laid open the finest workings of his spiritualised intellect.

That the authors who have written on the genius of our mighty dramatist have thus manifested, in a most striking manner, all the peculiarities of their minds, the publication we are reviewing affords evident proof, and, were it valuable for nothing else, would deserve attention for the opportunity it affords us, of comparing the different methods which have been made use of to illustrate the mystery of an intellect, which appears to have had no law but the universal one of beauty and harmony.

The 'Memorials of Shakspeare' consist of three parts. In the first, Doctor Drake has written a very excellent Essay on the merits of Shakspeare's Editors, Commentators, and Critics, and has collected a variety of particulars which cannot fail of being interesting to every reader of the bard. The second part is composed of a great variety of sketches on the character of Shakspeare's genius, which have been selected, with great taste and judgment, from the most popular productions of modern times on the subject. The third part consists of criticisms on different plays and characters; and the fourth, and concluding one, of an essay, containing three miniature portraits of Shakspeare, by Dryden, Goëthe, and Sir Walter Scott, and a comparison between the latter writer and the poet, as delineators of character. Each of these

parts is full of interesting matter; but, in extracting from works of this kind, it is always our wish to avoid giving passages with which our readers may, perhaps, be already well acquainted. We shall, therefore, quote from the author's concluding comparison of Shakspeare and Walter Scott:

'To reproduce with vigour, and to support with consistency, throughout a series of important action, and the play of all the passions, some of the most prominent characters of history, is, perhaps, of all the achievements of poetry and romance, the most difficult. The peculiarly successful efforts of Shakspeare in this department are well known. In English history, his regal characters of John, Richard the Second, Richard the Third, Henry the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth; his Constance and his Catherine; and of inferior rank, his Falconbridge, Hotspur, Wolsey, John of Gaunt, Beaufort, Gloster, Warwick, &c. &c., need only to be mentioned to be praised; whilst in Roman story, his Brutus, Antony, and Coriolanus, are not less faithful or less brilliant portraits.'

'If we now turn to our celebrated contemporary, it will be found that he has little occasion, in this department, to shrink from a comparison with his great predecessor; for independent of spirited sketches of Charles the Second, Cromwell, and the Pretender, he has given us elaborate and full length pictures of Richard the First, Mary of Scotland, Elizabeth, and James the First, of which the costume and keeping are presented with almost matchless fidelity and force. A nearly equal degree of praise may be extended to his delineations of foreign regal character in the persons of Saladin and Louis the Eleventh; nor has he represented with a less discriminating pencil, the powerful thrones of his native land, a Montrose, a Murray, and Argyll, or the more subtle and licentious nobles of England, as Leicester, Buckingham, &c. &c.'

'It has been affirmed of Shakspeare by some critics of no mean note, that he has not exhibited his usual variety and originality in drawing the female character; ascribing the deficiency in a great degree to the custom, in his day, of not admitting actresses on the stage, the parts of women being always personated by boys. It requires, however, but a slight inspection of his dramas to prove this opinion to be utterly without foundation: and, indeed, to establish, what in truth is really the case, that in no writer do we meet with a more interesting and discriminative portraiture of female manners. Setting aside the gloomy portion of the picture, as exemplified in the dark characters of Regan, Gertrude, Lady Macbeth, &c., and dwelling only on its loveliest lights, into what a paradise of varied beauty and excellence are we instantly admitted! Where shall we look for more exquisite creations than this great magician has brought before us, in the chaste love and fidelity of Juliet and Desdemona, in the romantic tenderness of Imogen and Viola, in the filial affection of Cordelia and Ophelia, in the naïveté and simplicity of Perdita and Miranda, in the vivacity and wit of Rosalind and Beatrice, and in the sublimity of virtue in Isabella and Portia?

'It is to the pages of Sir Walter Scott that we must again revert for a rival display of talent in this the most delightful province of characterization, his romances abounding in the richest and most diversified forms of female tenderness, constancy, and heroism. He had early given indeed, in his metrical pieces, in this department of fiction, some very interesting sketches of the kind, and especially in his portraits of Ellen in the 'Lady of the Lake,' and of Edith in the 'Lord of the Isles,' both touched with a graceful and truly fascinating pencil. But it is to his prose romances that we must turn for the most decided proofs of his originality, in delineating the varied attractions of the fair sex. There, whether we recal to mind the picture of disastrous or unrequited love in the sufferings of Amy Robsart, Lucy Ashton, and Effie Deans; the frolic archness, irresistible good humour, and ever-shifting buoyancy of spirit, in Mysie Happer, Brenda Troil, and Catharine Seyton; the intellectual, disinterested, and lovely features of Diana Vernon; the firmness and self-devotedness of Jeannie Deans, and the romantic yet noble-minded heroism of Minna Troil, Rebecca, and Flora Mac Ivor; we are alike delighted and surprised at the wealth and discrimination, the strength and versatility of his genius.

'No man has equalled Shakspeare in the delineation of humorous character. It might be sufficient, on this occasion, perhaps, merely to mention, as adequate proof of the assertion, the inimitable Falstaff and his followers; but when we also recollect those exquisite originals, Shallow, Slender, and Silence; when the

portraits of Dame Quickly, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Malvolio come before us, and we turn to those pleasant fellows, Launcelot, Autolycus, Parolles, Dogberry, Verges, Touchstone, Bottom, Christopher Sly, and a host of others which might be catalogued, it is impossible not to stand amazed at the exhaustless fertility of his powers, nor, whilst contemplating such a varied mass of comic painting, to withhold our assent from those who consider this department as that in which his genius most perfectly luxuriated; a deduction, however, which ceases to predominate, as universal is the empire of his talents, as soon as the sublimer creations of his fancy are presented to our view.'—Pp. 483—487.

The writer next observes the power of humorous delineation possessed by Shakspeare, and illustrates his remark by a mention of the character of Justice Shallow, Falstaff, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and others of a similar cast; but we think Doctor Drake has passed too lightly over this part of the subject, which furnished rich materials for curious observation. The humorous of Shakspeare has been possessed by few, but it has been possessed by other writers, as well as himself and Sir Walter Scott; and it was a point which a writer on their respective talents should not have passed over. But we continue our author's remarks:

'It is, however, in the last department of character-painting which I have to notice, namely, the imaginative, that the omnipotence of genius appears to be most unequivocally developed. It is the province also in which it will be found most difficult, I will not say to rival, but to approximate to the mighty powers of Shakspeare. When the daring creations of this potent magician rise before us; when Ariel and Caliban, and the Midsummer Fairies, those splendid emanations of the unbounded fancy, are given to our view; when the wizard powers of Prospero, and the unhallowed deeds of the Weird Sisters, unfold their dark and mystic agency above all, when the grave is summoned to give up its charge, and the awful Spirit of the Royal Dane passes before our shuddering senses; how deeply do we feel the spells of the poet, and how thoroughly during their influence are we convinced, that no human imagination can surpass the powers which these astonishing efforts proclaim!

'Nevertheless, extraordinary as these supernatural pictures most assuredly are, the conception of such characters as Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, and Shylock, is scarcely less wonderful, and, in point of execution, admitting of immediate comparison with the scale of human life, still more difficult to clothe in the features of originality; and yet where shall we find such correct and, at the same time, such bold and original delineations of ambition, terror, madness, and revenge, as are brought forward in these masterly compounds from nature and imagination?

'I know not that any greater eulogy can be passed on the inventive faculties of any individual, than to be able justly to say of him, that in this, the most arduous province of characterization, he has made the nearest approach to the genius of Shakspeare. It is eulogy, however, which, on duly considering the fertility and beauty of his creations in this department, may, I think, be justly passed on Sir Walter Scott. Throughout, indeed, the whole series of his actions, whether in poetry or prose, from the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' to 'Woodstock,' there is a display of power in the delineation of the imaginative and the grand, the gloomy and the mysterious, in scenery, incident, and beyond all in character, which almost perpetually reminds us of the wild and wonderful, the appalling and terrific, in the imperishable pictures of Shakspeare.

'Let us, for example, summon into view a few of the numerous characters which Sir Walter has gifted with energies either preternatural, or approximating towards it; beings, in short, which may be said to hover on the confines of another world. He has none it is true, except in one or two instances, ventured to introduce an agent entirely superhuman, that beautiful apparition, the White Lady of Avenel, constituting the fullest and most perfect delineation of the kind; but like the bard of Avon, he has delighted to wander into the realms of magic, divination, and witchcraft, and to exhibit characters yet more anomalous, with faculties bordering on the wild and unearthly. Of this last description, the Black Dwarf and Fenella are striking examples; whilst of the closely allied characters of the magician, astrologer, and alchemist, we have numerous portraits, amongst which may be particularly those of Michael Scott, Galeotti, and Demetrius. The



Three Hags in the "Bride of Linnemoor" impress their full effect on the mind, even whilst recollecting the Weird Sisters in 'Macbeth,' and that combination of the ancient sybil with the modern gipsy, which may be recognised in the persons of Meg Merrilies, Madge Wildfire, Helen Macgregor, and Norna Troil, has produced pictures of uncommon strength and energy.

But where, it may be asked, shall we find in the works of our accomplished contemporary, characters which, in point of blended passion and sublimity, of mingled nature and imagination, can compete with such delineations as Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, and Shylock? It can only be answered, that neither from this source, nor from any other uninspired composition, can perfect parallels be adduced; but, at the same time, it will, I think, be readily allowed, that the compositions of Sir Walter Scott abound in that species of characterization which combines the play of the softer passions, and exhibits the union of high intellectual force and grandeur, with the splendid and ever varying colouring of a rich and plastic fancy; and that this fecundity and originality in the creation and keeping of such characters as Marmion, Roderic Dhu, Fergus Mac Ivor, Ravenswood, and Balfour of Burley, not to mention many others of nearly equal excellence, entitle him not only to very high consideration in this noblest department of genius, but rank him even here, (the inexhaustible fertility of his invention in it being daily weighed,) next to our beloved Shakspeare.

There are, indeed, no two other writers, either in their own or any other language, who, in the kindred provinces of the drama and romance, have brought forward such numerous, and, at the same time, such varied and well-sustained groups of characters; nor, I may venture to say, who, as the result of their liberal, and intimate knowledge of human life and manners, have been the means of diffusing more extensive and unalloyed delight. It may, in fine, be asserted, that the very nature and being of many of the most remarkable characters on record, are here more impressively felt and understood, more boldly and effectively brought out, than in the didactic and more elaborated pages of the mere philosopher and historian; and, what is praise transcending all other, that the moral, the instruction, the imagination to be derived from these writings, is commensurate with the pleasure which they bestow.—Pp. 489—494.

MISS BROWNE'S POEMS.

*Idin, and other Poems. By Mary Anne Browne, Authoress of Mount Blanc, &c. &c. 12mo. Longman and Co.; Hatchard and Son; and W. B. Ewing. London, 1828.*

The name of this young lady we have seen frequently of late appended to some very clever poetry, in various periodicals, and the present is, we believe, the second portion of her works which has appeared in a collected form. We had read her first book, and made up our minds as to its merits; and, though that opinion was far from unfavourable, we certainly think the present surpasses her former productions in point of real merit. At the same time, we are bound to say, that we have a much higher opinion of what Miss Browne can do, than of what she has done; and when our readers have perused the extracts which we mean to subjoin to this brief notice, their estimate of the author's powers will be, in no slight degree, enhanced, when we inform them, that they are written by a girl of seventeen. This is, however, a recommendation which has invariably brought suspicion along with it to our minds, and the author has, we see, had the good sense to suppress the fact in her announcement. We cannot remember a single instance in modern literature of successful precocity; and the works of all the authors whom we are acquainted with, who have been minors in age, are unfortunately of very minor merit. We have seen a volume of early poems by a Miss Browne, now the admired Mrs. Hemans, which, to say the least of them, are sheer nonsense; and we could, in our own remembrance, add the titles of some half dozen other works by young ladies to the list, whose merits would stand on a par with her's, but whose names it would be unkind to republish. The body before us, is, we will assert, the *only* one in

the last half century, who, at her age, has produced *passable* poetry. This is a startling fact, but we are not to be misled, by its singularity, into a false estimate of its value. Miss Browne has, we are convinced, too much good sense to be pleased with our false flattery, should we call her appearance a meteor of blazing merit in the literary horizon, or tell her, that her book was a magnificent and sublime composition, though such terms have been (mis)applied to works of very inferior merit.

In the generality of the poems before us, there is a good deal of imitation; but there is a vast deal more of originality, and more execution than either. Imitation is a defect which few young authors can shake off all at once; taste must be formed on some model, ere it is sufficiently developed to become a model in itself; and there are few pupils who have the courage to throw off all at once the mannerism caught from their tutors, even when their own powers and execution may be equal to their originals. This fact will account for a good many borrowed ideas and adopted subjects, throughout the book, which we can trace to Lord Byron, (p. 6, line 10, &c., from 'Lara,' and p. 38, line 8, &c., from the 'Corsair;') Miss Landon, (the story of 'The Painter and Ione;') Henry Neale, ('They are not there,' p. 132; ) An anonymous writer in 'The Literary Gazette,' (p. 235; ) Mrs. Hemans, (p. 271, 266, &c.; ) Alaric A. Watts and others. But it is a fault that will be easily got rid of, and which Miss Browne has quite talent enough of her own to enable her to dispense with. Her originality is apparent in almost every piece, and there is a germ of talent through all she does which cannot fail one day, if sedulously cultivated, to raise her to eminence as a poetical writer.

Of the present book, the first tale is by far the weakest point. That it contains some very fine passages, may be admitted; but the author is evidently not sufficiently strong in her acquirements, to keep up the *merit*, as well as the interest, of a long poem; and those portions which connect the incident and action of the tale, are consequently weak, while the prominent points are powerful enough. 'The Painter' is really very pretty, and quite equal to any thing of the same kind of Miss Landon's, from whom it is imitated; but we mostly admire the short pieces.

THE DYING MINSTREL.—A SKETCH.

'It is most sad to watch the fall  
Of autumn leaves! but worst of all,  
It is to watch the flower of spring  
Faded in its fresh blossoming!

L. E. L.

SLOWLY and sadly, day by day,  
As a fountain drieth, she faded away.  
Seldom walked she the oak-trees among,  
Less and less frequent became her song.  
She would sit for hours, with her silent gaze  
Fixed on the harp that had brought such praise  
And fame to her, in her happier days.  
Sometimes her voice breathed in silvery words,  
And her hand strayed carelessly over the chords,  
Making uncertain melody,  
Broken and wild as the wind-harp's sigh.

'She had come from her own delicious clime,  
With its vineyards and groves of the chesnut and lime;  
From the flowers that bask'd 'neath unbounded skies,  
Various and bright as the rainbow's dyes;  
From the tongues that praised her, the hearts that adored,—  
From the valleys and hills that her first songs heard.  
She was lured from her land of sunshine and smiles,  
By the meteor Hope, that so many beguiles.  
And now she was dying!—dying afar,  
With clouded hopes, and an altered star;  
And her couch by strangers' hands was spread,  
And unknown steps were around her bed.  
She feared not death—she knew it must come,  
But she thought 'twould be sweet to die at home;  
But, alas! she knew that her wish was vain,  
And she never must see her dear land again!

'Twas a summer-sunset, and that soft hour  
On the minstrel's soul had ever most power;  
And she prayed she might leave the feverish hearth,  
And again in the calm light of even go forth.  
They led her out by the darkening sea,  
And she thought of her own bright Italy,  
And turned her eyes o'er the twilight wave,  
Towards the spot where she wished so much for a grave.

She took her harp,—o'er each trembling string  
Her fingers soon were wandering;  
Drawing forth note by note at first,

Careless of what the strain might be,  
Till all at once the music burst  
Into a sweet wild symphony:

And then the minstrel's soft voice rose,  
While a tear was straying down her cheek,  
Until she spake of her country's woes,

And then her song no more was weak;  
And there came an unearthly light o'er her eye,  
And her voice had a tone of prophecy,  
As she spake of the time when her land should be  
Named with the nations of those who are free:  
The black curls streamed on the ivory neck,—  
Who would have thought that form was a wreck!  
And the blue veins swelled in the sunken brow,  
And her cheek had a wild and feverish glow,  
And the hot tears into the dark eyes sprang,  
As of her own dear home she sang.

'But the song died away—and with it, too,  
Faded the cheek's unnatural hue;  
She bowed her head, and hushed were her words,  
But her hand still wandered amidst the chords;  
And that ceased too,—but they thought that she  
Was but in some dream of ecstasy,  
And had only paused awhile for breath—  
Little thought they 'twas the pause of death!  
They raised the tresses, that fell like a veil  
Over the face—that face was pale;  
Her heart was still—and her spirit, high,  
Had passed with the soul of the melody!

Pp. 194—198.

We do not present these lines as *faultless*, but they are extremely good, when compared with the general mass of sketchy poetry. The following are better:

WOMAN'S HEART.

'Alas! that man should ever win  
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin  
As woman's heart;

L. E. L.

'SAV, what is woman's heart?—a thing  
Where all the deepest feelings spring;  
A harp, whose tender chords reply  
Unto the touch, in harmony;  
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught  
With all the coloured dreams of thought;  
A bark, that still will blindly move  
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

'What is its love?—a ceaseless stream,  
A changeless star, an endless dream;  
A smiling flower, that will not die;  
"A beauty—and a mystery!"  
Its storms as light as April showers;  
Its joys as bright as April flowers;  
Its hopes as sweet as summer air,  
And dark as winter its despair!

'What are its hopes?—rainbows that throw  
A radiant light where'er they go,  
Smiling when heaven is overcast,  
Yet melting into storms at last;  
Bright cheats, that come with syren words,  
Beguiling it, like summer birds;  
That stay, while nature round them blooms,  
But flee away when winter comes.

'What is its hate?—a passing frown,  
A single weed 'midst blossoms sown,  
That cannot flourish there for long;  
A harsh note in an angel's song;  
A summer cloud, that all the while  
Is lightened by a sunbeam's smile;  
A passion, that scarce hath a part,  
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

'And what is its despair?—a deep  
Fever, that leaves no tears to weep;  
A woe, that works with silent power,  
As canker worms destroy a flower;  
A viper, that shows not it wakes  
Until the heart it preys on breaks;  
A mist, that robs a star of light,  
And wraps it up in darkest night.

'Then what is woman's heart?—a thing  
Where all the deeper feelings spring;  
A harp, whose tender chords reply  
Unto the touch, in harmony;  
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught  
With all the coloured dreams of thought;  
A bark that, still would blindly move  
Upon the treacherous seas of love.'

Pp. 111—114.

Miss Browne seems to have considerable power of description, and some of her scenes of storms, and landscapes, and sunny islands, are as rich as they can well be.

Should we caution her against any one fault, it would be that of not adhering to the compass of her own powers: there are many pieces in her volume which are *below* them, because they are written with too much haste, and too little thought; and there is not enough of *mind* in them; and, again, where she is ambitious, her subject is *above* them, and she fails. Ada, and some of her Byronic sketches, are of this class.

Miss Brown will have sufficient discrimination to perceive that these faults are found, not in the spirit of carping querulousness, or mere professional scrutiny, but from a desire to do strict justice in our criticism. We have already said, that we value her talents, not from what her book contains, but, from what we see, she is capable of producing; and we have no hesitation in saying, she is possessed of real poetic feeling.

#### PRESENT STATE OF THE LAW.

*Speech of Mr. Brougham in the House of Commons on Thursday, Feb. 7, 1828. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1828.*

It has been so often remarked, that the practice of the law tends not to enlarge the understanding, that the saying has almost acquired the currency of a truism. Mr. Burke, in his character of Mr. George Grenville, remarks, that though the law is one of the first and noblest sciences, a science that does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together; yet, that it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and liberalise the mind exactly in the same proportion.

Of a truth, however, Mr. Brougham appears to be one of those persons so 'happily born;' for the habits of his professional life have not tinged him with that awe and reverence for his craft which the successful practitioner almost always exhibits.

By a peculiar process of selfish reasoning, the rules of which are as arbitrary as its conclusions are false, the successful tradesman in the law infers, that the nation must necessarily prosper under that system by which he himself has made great gain; and hence, in the mind of such a man, to survey our legal institutions with a view to reform and adaptation to present purposes, were to commit a crime, little, if at all, short of high treason.

A feeling of this sort, though less prevalent now than some years ago, is still too common among the bar. The youngest practitioner at Westminster Hall, however, is old enough to remember, when merely to mention reform, in reference to law, was to incur little short of the penalties of a *præmunire*! Yet, what a change in the short space of seven years! Now, the talk of reform is not a mere idle dream, airy and insubstantial, but a thing tangible and practicable, which may be touched without danger, and followed with advantage. In truth, the good old times are gone by, and he who talks of the wisdom of our ancestors in this year of our Lord, 1828, will be stared at as an eighth sleeper, who has awoke him just in time to forget all that has happened within a century. Yet, among the reformers of the law, many have died in the infancy of their fame, but chiefly, in our days, him whose mantle has fallen on Mr. Brougham, and

who lived only to encounter the united assaults of ignorance, bigotry, and power.

It were incredible, if the facts were not too green in our memory to be borne out by distinct recollection,—the cold and malignant persecution which Sir Samuel Romilly, while yet a young man, encountered, from a narrow-minded and time-serving Bench, and for no better reason than because he dared to think, that there were some of our laws which were not the dictates of wisdom, as there were others which were the offspring of folly. 'That is a very dangerous young man,' said Mr. Justice Heath, on one occasion; and 'What an ignorance of Criminal Law he evinces!' said the same righteous Justice, on another. Yet, notwithstanding this, Romilly went on his course, with all the 'graspings and reachings' of a virtuous and ardent mind, and became the testator to a posterity who appreciate the legacy which he has left. His ambition was the ambition of an 'insatiable benevolence,' and he has perpetuated his name through generations of generations, while the world forget that there ever was such a person as Mr. Justice Heath.

To be convinced of the necessity of legal reform, neither implies nor demands an acquaintance with the science of law. The expense, the delay, the confusion, the multifariousness, and the abstruseness of all legal proceedings, are matters that come home to the 'business and bosom' of every man in the community, no matter how humble his station, or how ignorant soever of the science of law. In fact, in Great Britain, the interference of law is inseparable from the possession of property; and a tradesman may, in contesting the possession of a shop in a bye-street, or a stall in a market-place, have a practical proof of all the evils which Mr. Brougham touches on in a closely-printed speech of 120 pages, though he may not know, and most probably does not know, a particle of law. Of what avail, then, to the great bulk of the community, are those praises of our legal system which have been so unsparingly lavished on it by lawyers? It is little consolation to the suitor to think, with Lord Coke, that pleading is so called from its pleasurable nature, (*quia bene placitare omnibus placet*;) for, though the science may be a delight and a pleasure to the profession, it is too often death to the parties litigant; and though Lord Mansfield may have declared the rules of pleading to be 'founded in strong sense, and the soundest and closest logic;' though Sir William Jones, going still further, may have called them 'exquisite logic,' still we suspect, that, notwithstanding these epithets, the public estimate pleading in proportion to its brevity, its cheapness, and its quickness in disclosing the merits of the case, so as to procure a decision. A woeful experience, however,—to be found, we suspect, in every family in the country,—loudly proclaims, that the present system of pleading is neither convenient nor cheap, while it is most verbose and tiresome. The panegyrics, therefore, of the craft on their trade, may be summed up in a couple of lines:—

'For, 'tis their duty, all the learned think,  
To espouse the cause by which they eat and drink.'

Mr. Brougham, however, almost alone, (for Sir James Mackintosh is not a practising barrister,) stands out in enviable pre-eminence, an exception to the herd of the profession, and sacrifices his own interests, to enlarge and maintain those of mankind. Perhaps there is no man at the common-law bar, with the exception of Sir James Scarlett, who might make so much by his profession as Mr. Brougham; yet all this is he content to risk, provided he can perpetuate a true principle, and amend a vicious system. Nor is the Hon. Member for Winchelsea a mere theorist. Far from it. There is no evil, stated in the incomparably learned and eloquent discourse before us, of which the author has not had professional and practical experience, nor is there a remedy suggested which has not been tried and

found, to use a Parliamentary phrase, to 'work well' in other countries. Let those, therefore, who have railed at the venerable and philosophical Bentham, as a visionary and a theorist, hold their peace with regard to Mr. Brougham.

The subject of railing induces us to expend word or two on that very pert and flippant 'cavalierism,' Mr. Edward Barthenshaw Sugden, lately elected for the borough of Weymouth. This Honourable Gentleman should have measured the limits of his mind, ere he ventured to speak on the subject of law reform. He should have remembered that his mental vision had been contracted by an imperfect and vicious education. The conveyancer's desk is not precisely the chamber-lumber from which we are to receive dogmas propounded with pompous inanity, as though *ex cathedra*; nor is the office of Mr. Groom\* at all congenial with the great national subject of law reform, though very redolent of *contingent remainders* and *cestui que trusts*.

The Auditor of the Duke of Northumberland, even though he be the receiver of 120,000l. per annum, is not precisely the person to lecture on 'Codification;' nor do we think the author of 'Brief Conversation with a Gentleman of Lande Property, about to buy or sell lands,' much better qualified for the task. The Treatise on Vendors goes for nought in such an inquiry; the volume on 'Purchasers,' is not germane to the matter; and the book on Powers† is mere *lana caprina*. All these, then, the familiar deities of Mr. Sugden, the '*Lares*' which he has worshipped to the utter exclusion of better and higher things, unfit him to take part in a discussion, the vastness and magnitude of which can only be embraced by minds of the very highest order.

In an inquiry concerning a reformation of the body of the law, however strange such an assertion may seem, the affections must be touched, and the imagination have scope. We must not limit our views to country; we must embrace mankind. Science, philosophy, and history are to be invoked to our aid; all the laws of all countries and climes must be collated and compared with our own,—the sources of human error must be explored,—clashing interests balanced and reconciled,—local prejudices softened down, and old feelings and customs broken taken up by the roots. Nor is this all; from such a mass of matter, we must distil forth, drop by drop, such liquor as will suit the taste of our nation and the exigency of our time. For this task, we need hardly say, a profoundly original as well as a deeply learned, a refining, an intuitive, and a subtle spirit, is necessary.

To be successful as a law-maker, requires an acquirement and all accomplishment; but he who would take the lead in such a career, should be more imbued with principle than practice. Is Mr. Sugden, then, that man? Emphatically we say, No. We have the more dwelt on this part of the subject, having heard that the members for Weymouth is to be of the Committee proposed by Mr. Brougham. This, however, we cannot bring ourselves to believe; and most fervently do we hope that it is not true. As the author of the great measure proposed with so much eloquence, and detailed with such perfect technical knowledge and law learning, Mr. Brougham stands accountable to the public for the success of his scheme. But let him remember, that, on the instrument employed in bringing the plan into execution, the great measure depends the success of the plan itself. We cannot choose but admire professional attainment, but we love to see it exercised in its proper place. Lord Bacon remarks, that the business of a judge is '*ius dicere*;' and not '*ius dare*;' and we cannot help thinking, that a member

\* Mr. Sugden was a pupil of Mr. Groom.

† Mr. Sugden is Auditor to his Grace.

‡ Written by Mr. Sugden, and so quoted by him on all occasions.



practical lawyer is much less mischievous, in doing the best he can for his clients, than by making his efforts so comprehensive, as to embarrass the community. In other words, Mr. Sugden may be useful in the Rolls, or before the Vice-Chancellor; he cannot but be mischievous, as a legislator on the subject of his craft.

On the occasion of the debate on the speech at present before us, Mr. Peel seems to have afforded Mr. Brougham but a slender official co-operation, possibly because his own puny efforts are so much thrown into the shade, by the gigantic and comprehensive plan of the Honourable Member for Finchelsea. The efforts of Mr. Peel were confined to a few Bills on one subject; those of Mr. Brougham extend over the wide field of the Common Law; while he has kept but one principle in view, that right may be maintained or recovered, wrong redressed, and crime punished, in the quickest and cheapest manner compatible with justice. *Expedit Reipublice ut sit finis litium.*

Thus law is held forth as a shield to virtue, and a terror to crime; and, in the words of the eloquent speaker, becomes a 'staff of honesty, and the shield of innocence.'

We have already so much exceeded the space proposed to ourselves, that we find it impossible to give any extracts from the only authentic edition of Mr. B's discourse, published by Mr. Colburn. Suffice it, however, to say, that this corrected copy displays, in an eminent degree, all the leading characteristics of Mr. Brougham's mind, fluency, learning, great power, extension of view, lucid arrangement, logical deduction, and occasional quaintness of expression. Though we profess ourselves unable to point out peculiar excellencies where all is alike good, or especial beauties where all is beautiful and harmonious; yet we think an analysis of this discourse may fix its principles and conclusions still more deeply in the judgment of the community, on the opinion of which, after all, we must mainly depend for the furtherance of any reform, legal, equitable, or political.

We pass by the introductory observations, and also the reasons which induce Mr. Brougham not to interfere with Equity, Criminal Law, the Commercial Code, and also the Code of Real Property. Plunging, then, at once into the Courts of Common Law, we find it stated objectively that the practice of each Court is at variance, and that it has undergone much alteration; that the business is unequal in different Courts, the King's Bench having too much, and the Common Pleas and Exchequer, not enough. After showing clearly the causes of this inequality, and why the efforts to lighten the business of the King's Bench have failed, Mr. Brougham proposes remedially that two additional Judges shall be appointed to hold separate Courts, each having a different species of business,—one, for instance, the Bail and other Chamber duties, &c., so that six hours a day may be devoted, without intermission, to business. These two additional Judges to go the Welch or other circuits, the present Justices, for Wales exclusively, being abolished. Partial payment of Judges by fees, no promotion of puisne Judges, and selection for abilities, not politics, are all remedially recommended by Mr. Brougham.

In the Civil Law, Mr. Brougham would increase the salary of the Admiralty Judge, and take the appointment of the Judges of the Court of Arches from the Bishops.

In all the Colonies Mr. Brougham recommends the introduction of the Trial by Jury as at England.

Under the head of Justices of the Peace, Mr. Brougham deprecates the system of clerical magistracies, and the misconduct of Justices generally, with respect to the Licensing System, Commitment, Game Laws, &c.

Mr. Brougham next proceeds to show the advantage the King has over the subject, and proceeds to point out, in great detail, how uniformity of tenure would prevent unnecessary litigation;

one of the means for the avoiding which, Mr. Brougham contends would be found in a Court of Arbitration, where no counsel or solicitors should attend.

Under the head Special Pleading, Mr. Brougham would compel each party to disclose his claim and defence, and prevent all repetitions in Courts, &c. Variances also, it is justly contended, should not prejudice a just claim, and the rule, that a Demurrer is an admission of the fact, should be abolished.

Under the head Evidence, Mr. Brougham would admit the testimony of persons interested, leaving their credit to the Jury; also, the testimony of Quakers in criminal cases; and, in cases of libel, he would allow the truth to be put in issue. The Jury also, it is proposed, should have, as well as the Judge, the right of interpreting documents.

In conclusion, Mr. B. would assimilate the construction of wills and deeds, alter the Statute of Limitations, and the Nullum Tempus Act.

It is recommended, also, that there should be a short-hand writer in each Court, and that money should be liable for a debt as well as goods; though Mr. B. recommends freedom for the person.

We do not, of course, profess that the foregoing is by any means a perfect analysis of the Speech before us, or that it comprehends the tithe of the topics touched on. All we profess it to contain is, a short summary of the principal abuses, in which the public are most deeply interested, and with the remedy of which we hope the name and fame of Brougham will be inseparably connected. *Hoc erat in votis*, and we cannot wish any man more solid and satisfactory glory.

#### THE ROUE.

*The Roué.* 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.

WE had trusted that the days were passing away, when an author, on the strength of a French cognomen, or the reputation of a fashionable publisher, dare venture to abuse the public taste, by sending forth a thousand pages, filled with affectation or bombastic puerility: we had hoped that the improving good taste of novel readers was now a sufficient prevention to any revival of the silly and worn-out artifices of novelists; that if a man, at present, ventured to compose a tale, in the hope of its being read, he would see the necessity of filling it with better materials than the vulgarities of a debauchee, on the *faded* whinnings of a sentimentalist; and that, amid all the imperfections of our taste and literature, we should not have the pain of discovering that, with casting away a little of its slough, the spirit of romance had ventured to travel from the City to the West-end, and there installed itself, in hope of its low origin being concealed under its dashing and new-cut habit. In this, however, we find ourselves mistaken, and as it is our duty to watch diligently for every appearance of false taste or sentiment, and to examine with attention whatever vessel may seem to carry contraband goods, we have devoted some time to a patient and sober perusal of 'The Roué.' It is a heavy charge we have to bring against its author, but one which he has incurred in every page of his book, and in its whole construction. We fearlessly accuse him of the grossest affectation, the most violent contradictions to nature and good taste, the most dangerous mistakes in the moral bearing of his tale, and of employing a style full of cold conceits and figurative tautologies. There is no part of the three volumes which will not afford a proof of the correctness of these assertions. Let us look, for example, at the introductory chapter. We here find the author at the old work of lamenting the destruction of our best and warmest feelings the moment we enter the world. However favourable a theme this may have been, it is now the stalest and most trite that even a juvenile writer can fix upon for the exercise of his pen. It is,

moreover, giving the lie to truth and nature, it being the mere dream of a morbid fancy to suppose either man or woman must lose every warm feeling, every deep fervent imagination, by the mere constraints of worldly custom. If the glorious dreams of youth pass away, it is in conformity with the economy of our human nature, a consequence of our revolutionised spirit, which would have taken place, had we been living in a desert, or in the loneliest valley of the earth. It is, however, altogether false, that society, even in the highest and most fashionable classes, produces the effects which our author would lead us to suppose; he might as well attempt to make us believe, as some others have done, that the blooming cheeks and lovely forms that meet our eyes in a ball-room, are all made up of rouge and pasteboard. In addition to the silliness of the sentiment, we have an equal silliness in the language. Young hearts, warm hearts, and cultivated hearts,—genuine feelings, first feelings, generous feelings, and feelings of every kind, are the staple and finger-posts of the style employed; and, what is worse than all, the author is not even consistent in his own ridiculous ideas on education and society. Thus, we have a more than usual quantity of bad rhetoric employed to prove, that woman's nature loses its charm when submitted to conventional usages; and afterwards, we are told that her heart should be cultivated as well as her head. Now, sure we are that no man who has ever looked at woman with the eye of a poet, or the quick and passionate glances of true love, could write in this manner. If there be any thing in nature that loses its sweetness when touched by art, if there be any one single thing on which the 'trail of the serpent' has not left its stain, it is a woman's heart; and most earnestly do we hope we shall never have to read another novel, whose author would bring his schemes of education to teach a woman how to love, or set her heart in proper order for its reception. It is easy to suppose, that ideas of this kind give rise to images and figures equally strained and pedantic. One of these we are tempted to mention, as it is repeated, we believe, nearly a hundred times; scarcely any thing occurs, or any sentiment is mentioned, where it can by any possibility be introduced in which the author does not make use of some simile drawn from ice or snow. Thus we have the melting of snow between two persons meeting, the plunging of a heart into an ice-pail; cayenne-pepper and iced-cream, curry-powder and snow as the images of two ladies; and lastly, in the same page, the novel idea of an *iced-man*!!! These are proofs sufficient of the author's poverty of ideas and rigidity of style; but the error he has committed in the structure of his tale is of a worse kind; for he has conjured up adultery as the genius of his tale by mere force and tortuous ingenuity; has given a voice to the demon when it was unwilling to speak, and driven it upon its black designs when it itself shrunk back.

The tale in the first part of the work is one of true and innocent love, and is made to close originally where every reader's heart and good feeling would have had it close, that is, with the successful termination of youthful adventure. But the author thinks that a woman's real life does not properly begin till she is married; that there is no danger to her heart till she has given it into the keeping of the man she loves; and that the history of her pure, deep devotion to her first love, is mere milk and water to her memoirs, when she is out of the leading-strings of her maidenly modesty. In conformity with this idea, the author has composed a tale, founded on a most monstrous libel to female truth, has made a pure though warm-hearted woman sin calmly and with her eyes open, against the man she adored; has made the hero of it an open and base-hearted villain, filled up the intervals of action with letters that would disgrace the lowest of all low publications, and thus mixed

up opinions on morals and manners which, but from the weakness they display, would be of the most mischievous nature. We have spoken thus severely, yet there are, in some parts of the work, evidences of talent that should not have been employed in this manner. The best passage in it is the following account of a new-married couple's journey home:

'Away therefore they went to Trevor Place; feeling themselves the whole world to each other, and that the eye or the presence of any third person would have, in some degree, marred their present felicity.

'The weather was delightful; the sun shone, and the birds sang: all nature appeared in its holiday dress; but the sun had never shone so brightly—the birds had never sung so sweetly—the beauties of nature had never appeared so beautiful to the eyes of Agnes as they did now. Her life appeared like the clear sky before her, without a cloud to darken its brightness: all nature seemed to harmonise with the buoyant feelings of her own heart; and it would have been difficult, under her present sensations, to have convinced her that there was such a thing as misery in the world.

'Their journey was a mixture of endearments and projects for the future: a thousand delightful plans were proposed and discussed: the improvement of their estate—the happiness of their tenantry—the morning ramble—the noontide ride—the social evening—the uninterrupted enjoyment of each other's society—were mingled with a hundred projects of doing good to their fellow-creatures—of increasing their own happiness, by adding to that of others. Perhaps there is no state of feeling that engenders virtuous sentiments so much as that of perfect happiness, derived from the accomplishment of an object with which no unworthy motive has been mingled. In their anticipations it was agreed, that when conversation or action gave place to quietude, they should each pursue their favourite studies—that he should search through all his literary stores to find fresh food for intellectual enjoyment, and she cultivate her music and dancing to enliven the hours of their solitude. In short, every sentiment uttered by the one, seemed only the echo to the feelings of the other; and they went on and on thus delightfully dreaming, till the close of the second day brought them within sight of their journey's end.

'It was a beautiful evening, towards the end of autumn, when they arrived on the summit of a high hill, which commanded a complete view of the country for many miles round; and among other well-remembered objects, Trevor pointed out the hall of the ancestors of that branch of his family, to which he had thus suddenly become the heir. The chimneys of the mansion were only visible above the dark trees by which it was surrounded: a river gently glided through the domain, and swept its serpentine course quite through the country, sparkling in the last refulgent rays of the setting sun, which was now rapidly declining; glittering first on the windows of the farm-houses and villas with which the country was studded, then upon the gilded vanes of several village churches that here and there reared their humble spires amidst clusters of thatched cottages; and lastly, throwing a parting gleam upon the summit of the hill on which Trevor had ordered the drivers to stop for a few minutes, that he and Agnes might enjoy the beauty of the scenery.

'As they descended into the valley, their animated conversation gradually subsided into deep silence; a sensation of pleasing melancholy mingled with their happiness; their clasped hands alone spoke their affection; and, perhaps, this state of feeling is a degree of happiness far superior to the greatest buoyancy of pleasure that can be enjoyed. A thousand boyish recollections, connected with the place to which they were going, were rapidly passing through Trevor's mind, as every tree, cottage, and spire, recalled some infant feat.

'Agnes began to feel that she was going to take the first possession of her husband's house, as its mistress; and a deep feeling of her responsibilities mingled with her happiness.

'It was now twilight; and they were descending rapidly, when, from a small rising ground by the side of the road, their horses were startled by the sudden explosion of a rocket, which rushing into the air melted into a thousand minute particles of light, which mingled with and illumined the growing darkness of the atmosphere.

'This was the signal agreed on by the villagers to hail the approach of their new landlord. The distant sound of bells, mingling with the uproarious huzza of the tenantry, immediately struck on the ears of Trevor

and Agnes; and as the carriage swept round a sudden turning in the road, they saw the distant flames and curling smoke of a large bonfire, which the humbler tenantry had prepared to celebrate his arrival; and were almost immediately surrounded by a cavalcade of the superior farmers on the estate, who had come thus far to escort him to the Hall.

'The glasses of the carriage were immediately lowered; the hands of Trevor and Agnes were clasped in the rough grasp of many a rude son of agriculture, who huzzed a welcome to their estate. They passed under the archway of the lodge, and proceeded through a magnificent avenue of elms to the doors of the mansion: here waited the humbler tenantry to offer their greeting.

'The hearts of Trevor and Agnes were full; and their kindness to each individual, as they were respectively named to them, in a minute won the affections of their tenants.

'Orders were given that they should be regaled with the best the Hall afforded: butts of strong beer were tapped: they drank the health of their new landlord and his lady, with one simultaneous cheer that made the roof of the old hall ring again; and retired to finish the evening at the different inns in the village, to which orders were immediately conveyed by the steward, that tables and provisions should be prepared at Trevor's expense.

'With difficulty Trevor and Agnes at last made their retreat from the pressing welcomes with which they were greeted; and when at length they succeeded, and finding themselves alone in the drawing-room, Trevor, in a faltering voice, himself welcomed her with a warm embrace to a mansion of his own, and gloried in calling it "her home, the home of his beloved, his adored Agnes." Unable any longer to control her feelings, she burst into a flood of tears, and threw herself upon the bosom of her husband. Trevor himself was far from being unmoved, though he blushed to feel that the fulness of his own eyes threatened to mingle his tears with those of his wife.

'But those are delicious tears which arise from the excess of happiness—from the overflowings of a full heart, which has no other vent for the expression of its delight. How different from those of regret, passion, or remorse! How different from those which grief sends to dim the eye and plough their furrows on the cheeks over which they flow! But, alas! how few occasions are there in this life for such tears as those which were now shed by Agnes.'

We have passed over the instances of bad grammar we marked whilst reading the work, as we forgot them in our disgust at its greater faults. Affectation and conceit are its ruling characteristics: false sentiment and absurd pretensions to gentility, the foundation of its narrative; and if the author has ever had a glimpse of the society with which he pretends to be so well acquainted, but which pretensions we are inclined to doubt, he has looked at every thing with the eye of a schoolboy, or the stunted intellect of a decayed courtier.

#### GOMEZ ARIAS.

*Gomez Arias, or the Moors of the Alpujarras, a Spanish Historical Romance, by Don Telosforo De Truebar y Codr. 3 vols. in 12mo. Hurst, Chance, and Co. London, 1828.*

[Concluded from page 312.]

AMONG the attendants of the Moorish Chieftain Caneri, there was a man whose countenance and demeanour were calculated to attract the notice of a stranger. He was a dark, stern-looking man. He sat at the right of Caneri, and seemed, by the freedom of his answers and the tone of his language, to possess the full confidence of his chief.

"Bermudo," said Caneri, addressing himself to the personage in question, "thou art unusually abstracted to-day, far more than for some time past I have known thee."

"Bermudo!" exclaimed the other indignantly; "Bermudo! Call me no more by a name so hateful; a name that brings to my recollection my miseries and my crimes. It is an ominous, a detested sound, that rings in my ear, to tell me that I was once a Christian—an injured man; and that I am now—"

"A valiant Moor," interrupted Caneri.

"A vile renegade!" retorted Bermudo with a sneer. "A renegade; for thou canst not gild the bitter potion, nor will I attempt to disguise my charac-

ter. I am a ruffian; but I have pledged myself to serve the Moors, and I will serve them faithfully, actively, to the last breath of my loathed existence."

"Thy services, indeed, have been most valuable," said Caneri, "and grateful are the Moors for the interest thou evincest in their cause."

"Tush," cried the renegade; "thank me not. It is not my love for the Moors that prompts my services, but my hatred to the Christians. No, Caneri, I will not admit acknowledgments which I little deserve. You say that I am brave and active—'tis true. I can endure privations and encounter dangers; but in so doing, I look not to advance the interests of the Moorish cause, but to serve that of my revenge. No, I anticipate no triumphs; I live merely for the gratification of vengeance for wrongs long past, but too deeply rooted in this heart to be ever forgotten." As he pronounced these last words, his frame shook with agitation.

"Calm thyself, Alagraf," said Caneri, "since thou hast adopted that name, and art now—"

"A traitor!" cried the renegade, interrupting him. "I am a traitor to my faith and country. Nay, do not attempt to palliate a name in which I glory. I well know the vile thing that I am considered. My career is a dark one; and the passion which fires my heart, and nerves my arm, cannot ennoble my deeds of violence, but may at least satisfy my craving; and that is enough. I am a villain; but woe to the man who makes me what I am. May the curse of despair, may the venom that festers here, (and he forcibly smote his breast,) poison and corrode the life of him who plants it in a heart kind by nature, and designed for virtue, and by one bad man driven to revolting crime."—Vol. ii, pp. 5-7.

This renegade tells his tale, and discovers that Gomez Arias is the man that has wronged him, dishonoured, and caused the death of, his mistress.

During this recital of the story of the renegade Theodora is introduced to Caneri. The Moor captivated with her charms, and finding his art of persuasion ineffectual, dismisses his attendant, and is on the point of offering violence to the person, when at this critical moment a noise heard at the entrance of the room; the door, as if by a tremendous exertion of strength, is wrenched from its hinges, and a tall mysterious figure walks into the apartment.

Caneri shook with ire. "What treason is this?" he exclaimed. "A cursed Christian in my very dwelling! Malique! Alagraf! Where are ye, villains? Guards! Seize the wretch, seize him, and drag him to death!"

"Stay!" cried the stranger, in a voice of thunder, "ere thou darrest to offer the least violence to me—nay, advance but one foot, and I'll strike thee to the earth."

Caneri was awed by the noble and fearless manner of the stranger.

"A Christian!" he continued, in a more subdued voice, "and darrest thou, in my very dominions, utter such vaunting threats? Dost thou forget that these are the Alpujarras, and that I am Caneri?"

"I am no Christian," replied the stranger: "I am a Moor, a true Moor am I, but one who blushes to call Caneri amongst his associates."

"Speak!" cried Caneri, bewildered, "Speak, what mystery is this? Who then art thou?"

"Know me then," returned the other, and, throwing aside his disguise, discovered a man of tall stature and athletic proportions. On his dark bronzed countenance there was an expression of bold defiance and cool resolution; his eyes were lighted up with the fire of noble courage, and, although no tender feeling could be detected in his stern features, yet they were altogether devoid of generosity. He was a model of mountain beauty, wild, majestic, and free from any decoration. A simple Moorish tunic, which the humble of his followers might wear, covered his massive figure, and the only mark of distinction, by which his dignity could be recognised, was a scarf of green, of sacred colour, and a large buckle, on which was portrayed a noble lion, surmounted by the Arabic motto,

"Edem pasban derwish est aslan."

Caneri gazed in astonishment, and, almost bereft of the powers of utterance, could only exclaim—

"El Feri!"

"Yes!" answered he. "El Feri De Benastar arrives in time to witness the honourable occupation—"

\* The brave man who protects the helpless is a Lion



of his colleague in command; whilst our brave companions remain unburied and rotting on these wild solitudes, and the proud Christian pursues us like the hungry tiger, giving us not a moment's repose; whilst our forces have been routed and slaughtered by the victorious Alonso de Aguilar, and the few that have escaped his murderous sword, in conjunction with El Feri, are compelled to seek for safety in disguise and flight. I thought we should meet with succour and assistance in the mountain home of Caneri—and how do I meet him? Not ready in arms to cover our retreat; not busily occupied in providing resources for our dispirited soldiers; but meanly courting the blandishments of a Christian slave. Weak and forlorn and despairing, my few brave comrades are stretched on yonder street, fainting through want, and worn out with fatigue. I call upon Caneri for help, and I find that the power which was intrusted to him for our mutual defence is basely employed, not against the common enemy, but a feeble defenceless female! Shame, Moor! shame! But that I reverence the public voice that named thee chief, and that I desire not to arrogate to myself a retributive justice, I myself would wrench from thee that command which thou shamest, and entrust it to the hands of men more worthy."—Vol. ii, pp. 58-61.

Soon after this conversation and the severe reproaches that El Feri, vented against the savage Caneri, who was thus compelled to relinquish his prey, the Christians attack the town of Alhacen, which they take and deliver to the flames. El Feri falls. The Moors are routed and dispersed; and Don Alonso Aguilar, who commanded the Christians, is arrested in his career of victory by the cries of a woman in distress. He bursts into the house, proceeds to the apartment, and, amidst the smoke that was fast filling the room, he perceives a female form kneeling on the ground, in the attitude of one who had abandoned all hope of mortal assistance. She was the unfortunate Theodora, whom Don Alonso intrusts to the care of his attendants to be conducted to his house at Grenada.

Theodora arrives there at the moment when Gomez Arias is on the point of being married to Leonor de Aguilar, the fair daughter of Don Alonso. She meets Roque at Aguilar's house, and she learns from him that Gomez is alive, living under the same roof with herself; and that the ceremony of his marriage is to take place on the morrow. On hearing this, a deep emotion of revenge swelled the bosom of Theodora; and at the end of the night, arming herself for murder, she enters the apartment, and advances towards the couch where her guilty lover is sleeping.

"Theodora remained a short time in a doubtful mood, and a heavenly spirit seemed to struggle with the malignant fiend that instigated her. She held the lamp in her trembling hand over the sleeping form of her lover, and by the sickly light she discovered his features as if inspired by some happy dream. His breath came thick upon her face, as she bent over the couch. Smiles were upon his lips, and a gentle motion shook his frame.

"He loves her!" groaned the despairing Theodora, "he loves her dearly, and I am come to—"

"At this moment the deep-toned bell of the palace sounded the hour, and interrupted her dreadful sentence. Solemnly the peal rung through the place like the death-knell of the perjured lover; but he, unconscious of his impending fate, slept securely, and dreamt of love and happiness. For now his lips move, and, in the broken articulation of deep but pleasing sighs, the name of her who occupied his mind, burst from his swelling bosom. It was the name of Leonor; the beautiful sound went piercing to Theodora's heart, and roused all the furies that held dominion there. The kindly feelings which had returned, now withered fast away. She starts with frenzy; she grows paler, and revenge alone prevails; her bosom rises and falls with fearful emotion; wildly her eyes roll. She resolutely grasps the dagger; the moment is arrived; one blow, and the despoiler of her happiness would cease to exist: she fiercely raised her arm, but at the instant all her strength withered: nerveless she dropped the weapon from her powerless hand: no! she could not strike; for she was a woman maddened by deep injuries, but she still loved her betrayer, and the fountain of her gentle nature again bedewed her heart. She could not strike the man who had, without remorse,

inflicted on her the pangs of a thousand deaths: she smiles in bitterness, and hangs over the couch of her unconscious lover, her clustering hair loosely flowing over the pillow; a piteous sigh escapes her, and, bending lower, she kisses the lips that had betrayed her."—Vol. ii. pp. 71-3.

Gomez Arias awakes; he feigns to repent, and promises Theodora to lead her back to her father, and repair her wrongs by marriage; but, instead of this, he treats with the Moors, in direct opposition to the Queen's edicts, delivers Theodora and Roque into the hands of Bermudo and Caneri, and returns to Grenada, to accomplish his marriage with Leonor. But his mysterious conduct, and the flight of Theodora, give rise to suspicions, by which the marriage is postponed.

Meantime, news arrives of the insurrection of the Moors of the Sierra Bermeja, at the head of which is El Feri de Benastepar, whom every one supposed dead. The war recommences. Don Alonso de Aguilar is sent against the rebels, and is routed and killed by the troops of El Feri; while Gomez Arias, with a body of volunteers, defeats the Moors under the command of Moahbed, and takes possession of Athanein, after Caneri had fallen by the hands of his own followers, and after the renegade had disappeared with Theodora, whom he has thus rescued from the violence of Caneri, and whom he re-conducts to her father's house at the very moment when he is confined to his chamber by grief and sickness.

Prostrate and weakened as Don Manuel was, the sound of his daughter's voice, which called for mercy, awakened all his latent feelings, and gave a new impulse to his decaying frame. He at first curses his daughter, but soon softened by the vivid signs of her repentance, and the excess of her affliction, in ecstasy of mingled grief and affection, he clasps his sorrowing child in his trembling arms, and thinks no more but for revenge. A plan is then concerted with the renegade, and an immediate appeal to the queen resolved upon.

Grenada, lately the seat of mourning, was again converted into a scene of indiscriminate joy, by the news of the recent victory obtained by Gomez Arias. The court was assembled, and the heroic Isabella, surrounded by all the principal personages of Spain, awaited the arrival of the victor, in the grand saloon of the Alhambra; when a venerable old man, in sable robes, bearing on his countenance deep traces of grief, supported by a young female, likewise in mourning, and followed by two other figures, slowly and solemnly advances towards the throne of the queen. They were Monteblanco, Isabella Roque, and the renegade. Don Manuel tells his melancholy tale, and, while he is demanding justice against the seducer of his unhappy daughter, a burst of popular applause announces the triumphant entry of the victorious Gomez Arias, who, casting a glance on the group before him, stands in mute astonishment. Foreseeing that any attempt at exculpation would be as fruitless as dangerous, he remains silent, appears to plead guilty to the accusation, and, at the order of the queen, immediately consents to marry his victim. But, as soon as the ceremony is performed, the renegade arises, and in a tone of fearless intrepidity, he charges Gomez Arias with treason, and, soon after, obtains his condemnation to death. The fatal morning fixed for the execution was arrived.

Don Lope being determined to set at defiance every appearance of despondency, had assumed an air of martial and dignified composure. His handsome figure never looked to greater advantage than at this disastrous moment; he was attired in a most sumptuous suit, while all the friends and relatives who accompanied him were habited in deep mourning. The procession moved slowly on amidst the confused murmur of the multitude, deeply lamenting the fate, and admiring the firmness, of the hero of the dismal tragedy. He was attended by a crowd of the ministers of religion; but two friars of the order of St. Francis attached themselves more particularly to his person. The whole presented a most singularly contrasted scene; for in

the same view appeared mingled all the panoplies of war, stirring the soul to martial deeds, and the solemn emblems of religion, inviting the mind to abandon the pomp of the world, and turn its thoughts towards eternity. Warriors and priests, banners and crosses, moved promiscuously along, while the subdued blast of clarions united their strains to the deep-toned and gloomy cadences of the chanting monks.

In this manner the procession reached at length the Plaza de Bivarrambra. At the sight of the scaffold, Gomez Arias gave an involuntary start; for he was unable to stifle the impression which the first view of that dreadful spot made on his mind. He soon, however, recovered his usual composure, and cast an inquiring and intense look on the assembled multitude. Sorrow and consternation were every where visible, but all was tranquil and quiet. The last lingering hope now vanished from the breast of Gomez Arias, and he seemed resigned to the fate that awaited him. The murmur of the multitude was hushed into a deadly silence. Don Lope dismounted, ascended the scaffold, and, turning to his soldiers, he said—

"Farewell, my brave companions: this is the last expedition in which we shall meet; but in this, as well as in all the former, Gomez Arias will display the coolness and courage which becomes a soldier." He then with equal resolution was about to bare his neck for the fatal stroke, when a piercing scream was heard at a distance in the crowd. Presently a female form was seen flying towards the scaffold—

"A pardon! a pardon!" shouted various voices; and the multitude joyfully opened a passage to the unfortunate. She ran with frantic speed, until she arrived at length, exhausted, at the foot of the scaffold, exhibiting, in the disorder of her person and the wild expression of her features, all the workings of terror, anxiety, and joy. Every one stood mute with astonishment when they beheld in this apparition the wretched Theodora, who flew up the steps of the scaffold, holding aloft in her trembling hand a paper; then throwing herself into the arms of her husband—

"Oh it is not too late," she cried eagerly; "I have brought your pardon. Here! here! You are safe—it is the Queen's signet."—Vol. iii. pp. 211-14.

Gomez Arias and Theodora were conducted before the Queen; every eye was joyfully turned towards them, when suddenly a man broke from the surrounding group, and, before any arm could arrest the blow, buries a poniard in the breast of Gomez.

The assassin was one of the Franciscans who had accompanied Gomez Arias to the scaffold. He still held in his sinewy hand the ensanguined poniard, and with the savage laugh of a fiend exulted over his deed.

"Now, God be thanked!" exclaimed the leach who had examined the wound of Gomez Arias, "if my skill fail me not, the knight may yet live."

"Never!" cried the friar, in a voice that chilled the reviving hopes of every one. "Never! your skill is vain—the dagger is poisoned."

A shudder of horror ran through the court.

"Man of darkness," exclaimed Count de Tendilla, "fiend under the holy garb of religion, what could prompt thee to such a crime? But a short time since, I saw thee attend thy victim to administer to him hope and consolation."

"Yes," replied the friar, grimly, "yes, I did accompany him to the stage of his despair and my glory: yes, I was beside my victim, like the vulture watching for the moment to lacerate his heart. But I went not to whisper hope into his dying ear, or to bid him rely on the mercies of Heaven; no, it was to speak the words of horror; to bid him despair, and point the way to that hell whither soon I was to follow him. My soul was drunk with joy; my heart was wild with happiness: gladly would I purchase with a whole existence of misery and crime those few rapturous moments when I could watch the dreadful workings of his mind, as the last peal of my ominous voice rung in his ear, ere his soul took its flight from this world."

"Peace, wretch!" exclaimed the queen. "Leave thy blasphemy; tremble for the profanation of thy sacred calling; tremble for the punishment which awaits thy crime."

"I tremble at nought," sternly replied the assassin. "No canting friar am I; no preaching monk; but a man deeply wronged, and now amply revenged. Look on me," he continued in a wild tone, throwing off his disguise, "I am Bermudo the renegade!"

Every one shrunk back with instinctive horror at the well-known name; but the consternation increased, when in the person of the apostate was recognised the

Moor who had played so principal a part in the condemnation of Gomez Arias.

"Look on me," proceeded the renegade; "look on me, Gomez Arias; behold the man by you condemned to misery and shame—I am Bermudo the out-cast, the maddened lover of the unfortunate Anselma. Call back, Don Lope, the powers of thy fleeting soul, and fix its fading recollection on thy crimes and my misfortunes: remember Anselma—remember her frightful fate—your wrongs to me—the despair to which I was driven. But for thee, proud man, I might have been a hero, and for thee I am a traitor and a renegade. But, oh! now thou art laid low—no, not even princely fortune and favour could save thee from the hand of a desperate man. Die, then, die in despair: it is in the hour of rapturous happiness that the blow is struck, and think with agony that it is struck by Bermudo.—Anselma, thou art revenged!"

"A wild and savage laugh closed this apostrophe, and the renegade stood calmly gazing on his victim with an expression of ferocious joy: his dark features seemed to brighten in the glare of infernal revenge, and his strong frame shook with the rapture of the fiend that inspired him."—Vol. iii. pp. 218—21.

Gomez Arias dies repentant; the renegade meets with the punishment due to his crimes. Theodora, with her father and Roque, returns to Guadix, where she lingers out a miserable existence, until, one night, she is found dead in the very bower where she first met Gomez Arias.

This analysis, however imperfect it may be, will, nevertheless, by means of the numerous extracts which we have intermingled with it, be sufficient to give a clear idea of the literary merit of the work which is now before us.

The subject of Gomez Arias, which is borrowed from a play of Calderon's, is chosen with great felicity, and it leads us on, without confusion or perplexity, to scenes and descriptions, which the author has had the skill to render either amusing or picturesque, sentimental or tragical, comic or pathetic. The character of the renegade is a happy invention, which, perhaps, bears a remote resemblance to the renegade of the Vicomte d'Arlincourt, but which is free from all the absurdities that disfigure the hero of the French romance. The features of Gomez Arias are, in the opinion of one of our contemporaries, too hideous for exhibition; but it should be recollected that they are in unison with the traditional and popular ideas respecting that warrior, whom even the play of Calderon's exhibits in a much worse light. Besides, the villany of Gomez Arias forms a contrast with the tenderness and meekness of the afflicted Theodora, as well as the hideous Caneri places the heroism of El Feri in a more conspicuous point of view.

The romance of 'Gomez Arias,' in spite of some few pages of bombast, possesses the double merit of a very interesting story, and an entertaining style of narrative; but still, we may ask, has it a just claim to the title of an historical romance, (a title assumed by the author himself,) and does it fulfil all the conditions requisite in this new department of composition invented by Sir Walter Scott? The principal object of the historical romance is, according to the opinion of the best critics, the representation of the manners and sentiments of a whole people,—the picture of a peculiar and interesting era,—the operations of a considerable party, and of a renowned chief. It constitutes an effort to particularise history by means of fancy and invention, instead of exhibiting a dry detail of facts. Its object is not to reveal the secrets of crafty policy, or mysterious manoeuvres, but to hold forth the moral scene of history, and supply the defects arising from the ignorance and negligence of annalists. A species of logical induction is introduced, which borders less on criticism than on the power of imagination, and brings together a series of general facts, which represent the state of society by means of fictitious characters, or by means of real characters dramatically drawn and placed in the familiar scene of daily life. In the historical romance, what is called the action, the plot, or the intrigue, ought only to be secondary to the exhi-

bition of the manners and opinions of a particular period. This picture of society, which is the first and most indispensable condition of the historical romance, the author of 'Gomez Arias' has not adequately fulfilled. This production strikes more by the ingenious contrivances of the situations, and by the natural display of the sentiments of the heart, than by the depth and accuracy of its delineations of the Moorish and Spanish parties that, in the times of Isabella, disputed the possession of Spain. The seat of the insurrection is in the mountains of the Alpujarras. The author describes its progress and its fury; but he neglects to trace out the causes that gave it birth. But does the author, while he exhibits no strong partiality in favour of the Spaniards, seem apprehensive of betraying the secret to us, that justice and liberty were arrayed under the banners of the Muslims? Besides, his description of the Court of Isabella is exhibited only in profile; and Don Tesforo de Trueba, in our opinion, would have done much better in devoting to the delineation of the character of that great Queen, or of her brilliant Court, those pages which he employs in rehearsing the long dialogues that pass between the loquacious chambermaid of Leonor and the unhappy Theodora.

Frankness and sincerity are a tribute which criticism delights to pay to real talent; and the value that is set upon a work, is evinced by noticing whatever faults present themselves in its pages. Such are our feelings and opinion after the perusal of 'Gomez Arias;' and, in conclusion, we may observe, that, if the production of Don Tesforo de Trueba deserves not to be ranked among historical romances, it may occupy a distinguished place by the side of those works, which, like the 'Matilde' of Madame Cottin, hold an intermediate rank between the department that has originated with Walter Scott, and that which has been illustrated by Le Sage.

#### COURT OF CHANCERY.

*Observations upon the Power exercised by the Court of Chancery, of depriving a Father of the Custody of his Children.* 8vo. London, 1828.

WHATEVER stray powers and prerogatives have not been picked up or appropriated by our other legal tribunals, the Court of Chancery seems to consider it as its own for the claiming. It is mainly by the instrumentality of this convenient doctrine, that it has contrived to build up for itself, in the course of ages, so vast and multifarious a jurisdiction. Its assumption of the right of depriving a father in certain circumstances of the custody of his children, is one of the newest, and certainly not one of the least alarming, of its pretensions.

According to the late judgments of this Court, there is not a parent in the kingdom who is entitled to consider himself secure from the risk of having the management of his children taken out of his hands by an authority, which, having itself, in the first instance, decided upon the legality of its own act, has nothing more to do than to carry into execution the sentence which it has pronounced in its own favour. It has only to declare, in regard to any individual, that he is not setting before his children the example, or giving them the education, he ought, and forthwith to make a new application of its powers of universal patronage, by appointing them another guardian.

The natural tendency of this arbitrary authority is, no doubt, controlled in our day by public opinion, which, to a certain extent, controls every thing. But the same defence might be urged in behalf of a law which should take all suits or trials whatever out of the management of tribunals that might fairly be presumed to be impartial, for the sake of subjecting them to the decision of others, having evidently, in many cases, an interest in deciding them unfairly. Public opinion would even, under such a state of things, interpose to check, in some degree, the mischievous influence of the law; but that surely would not make the arrangement a good one.

It is quite right and necessary, of course, that children should be protected by the Legislature, and protected against their parents, as well as against other persons. But their security ought to be considered as amply provided for by a law, punishing whosoever may

injure them, after trial according to the ordinary forms of legal procedure, and before any one of the ordinary tribunals. Any attempt to make the general laxity of a man's morals, or the peculiar complexion of his speculative opinions, a ground for taking from him one of the most important rights with which he has been invested by God and Nature, can only lead to the most deplorable unfairness and abuse. Human legislation oversteps its province altogether, when it assumes to itself such an authority as this; and, in insisting upon interfering with that which it is so little capable of managing, cannot fail both to make itself ridiculous, and to work much positive mischief.

The pamphlet before us, which is understood to contain the legal opinion of an eminent Barrister on the judgment lately pronounced by Lord Eldon, in the Wellesley case, discusses the law of this interesting and important question with very considerable learning and ability. The author certainly has proved, that nothing can possibly be either more questionable than the legality of the power claimed in this and other instances by the Court of Chancery, or more irreconcilably contradictory than both, the definitions which have been at various times given, of the extent of that power, and the grounds upon which it has been supported by its different defenders.

#### FRAGMENTS OF FOREIGN LETTERS.

##### MR. BALFE.

An Irishman, like Madeira, gets softened and mel-low, and really improves by travelling, or, like his native potato, is rendered better by transplanting. In former times, France, Spain, and Germany benefited by the expatriation of Hibernians, who acquired fame and honour on the continent of Europe, although generally considered as any thing but prophets in their own country. The appearance of Mr. Balfé at the *Théâtre Italien*, at Paris, has produced a sensation which has effected the temporary oblivion of the merits of *Roger Collard* himself, and washed from the minds of the *fair Parisiennes* the remembrance even of poor *Masurier*. He made his debut in the *Barbier de Séviglia* but a week ago, at the early age of nineteen; and, although a native of Dublin, like his countryman, Lord Clavilliam, stole away at once the hearts of the belles of the Metropolis. He is an excellent musician; and, at the age of five years, is said to have played the violin exquisitely. As a singer, he is scarcely to be rivalled in *basso cantante*, although he never had the advantage of instruction; and his voice as yet has not attained its full development. He is, in fact, considered by good judges as fairly equal to Zuchelli. Balfé composes with the utmost taste and science; and, as an actor, leaves hardly any thing to desire.

##### M. DE PRADT AND THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

M. L'Abbé, after having treated in his peculiar style of the affairs of every country in Europe, save one, has at length condescended to turn his thoughts to England, notwithstanding the claims which a new order of things in France, and the commencement of the Session, may be deemed to have on his time and attention. An article in the 'Courrier Français,' signed D. P., on the subject of Lord John Russell's motion in the House of Commons, after speaking in terms equally handsome, as well-merited, of the patriotic exertions of that young nobleman, verifies the old axiom, that 'two of a trade can never agree;' for, in allusion to the hierarchy of the Church of England, he designates its members as only superior, in principles of liberality and toleration, to the Spanish clergy or the Ministers of the Inquisition. Now, we have so much of the British feeling in us, that we like to have the abuses of our concerns exclusively in our hands; and, while we are free to admit that there are defects in our system of Church Government, and that a large proportion of its Ministers enter more freely into political concerns than may well become their character and station, we have now, and at all times since the Reformation we have had, to boast, of men who do equal honour to Christianity and their country; and the Abbé will scarcely be surprised, and less offended, if we feel but little disposed to refer to the Gallican Church, as actually constituted for the example of better things, or to regard the career of the Ex-Archbishop of Malines, while he literally enjoyed his ecclesiastical dignities, as a pattern for the English prelate. Should the 'March of Intellect,' unhappily progress with us in a direction opposite to all rule of advancement, as it has done of late in Spain, we shall then with less unwillingness take the Abbé as our guide; and Madame de Genlis as our lecturer in morals.—Paris.



## FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE 'Memoirs of the Consulate,' by Thibaudeau, (an old Republican and Counsellor of State,) is, perhaps, the best book that has appeared on Buonaparte. It has the gravity of an official document, with the familiar touches and genuine portrait-painting that can only arise out of personal intercourse. De Bausset has very faithfully and minutely given the Interior of the Palace during the Empire; Thibaudeau has no less accurately traced the interior of Buonaparte's mind in his progress to power. It is certainly a masterly and well-understood portrait; and flattering, only because it is true. The author was opposed both theoretically and practically to the successive encroachments of the First Consul on the simple forms of the Republican government, and submitted to them only from necessity; so that his objections to the individual, combined with his general attachment to a cause that could not stand without the assistance of a formidable leader, have tempered his decisions to 'even-handed justice.' Buonaparte here appears not only the prime-mover in war and foreign policy, but the animating soul of all discussions relating to internal administration, finance, police, legislation, schools, religion, and is mixed up like an indispensable element with every measure of government. He loses nothing by this development of his views and reasonings on the different questions as they arise; for the *éclat*, with which they were attended in their execution, was scarcely greater than the wonderful activity of mind in which they originated. The accounts from St. Helena, indeed, present a very close and clear view of his character; but there he was in the common undress of humanity, released from the toils and trappings of greatness,—here he is in the arena, and with the impenetrable armour of his will and intellect buckled on, and beaming bright and burnished in the very noon-day of his fortune. A good translation of this work is wanted, were it only as an answer to the loose and disjointed caricatures that have lately been drawn of him. We shall present our readers with one or two detached sketches. The following is curious and a *peep behind the curtain*.

'THE KING OF ETRURIA AT PARIS IN THE MONTH OF MAY, 1801.—Buonaparte, while General had created several republics: the First Consul ventured to set up a King. According to a convention signed with Spain, Tuscany, ceded to the Duke of Parma, by the treaty of Luneville, was erected into a Kingdom. The new King, Louis I., an Infant of Spain, came to Paris with his wife,\* under the title of the Count of Leghorn. A great deal of attention was paid to these two personages. Talleyrand gave them a fête at Neuilly, the 19th of prairial. It was at night: the whole scene was illuminated, and the entertainment commenced with a concert. The farther end of the saloon opened, and discovered the square at Florence, and Palace Pitti, a fountain and a pillar. Some Tuscans were introduced playing at different games; they danced, and sang couplets of which their majesties were the theme. The King and Queen then descended into the garden and found themselves in the midst of their subjects.† Rockets, shells, and bonfires gave additional effect to this touching spectacle. There was a supper set out in five different apartments, and three times renewed: a magnificent ball concluded the fairy scene. On the 23d, came the turn of the Minister of the Interior, Chaptal.‡ Three hundred women were assembled in

\* Maria-Louisa, sister of Ferdinand VII., and since Duchess of Lucca.

† Is not Dr. Donne justified in calling the French, — the rightest company  
Of players that upon the world's stage be?  
With them every thing seems a mixture of fiction and reality.

‡ Buonaparte has been blamed for choosing his Ministers from among men of science: but on the other hand, it must be allowed that the French have more versatility than we have; and that their *savans* are not mere chemists, geometricians, &c., but clever men generally speaking. He himself only complains of the appointment of La Place as a failure.

a superb public gallery. A play was acted: the scenes of the theatre again represented the city of Florence. Italian airs were executed by the musicians. The garden was illuminated: a village had been constructed in it. Peasants chanted national choruses: invisible harmony was heard on all sides. A Temple of Memory rose on the summit of a small eminence: Apollo and the Muses here celebrated the praises of glory and the arts. After supper, the company returned into the gallery, where the nymphs and shepherds of the Opera danced quadrilles. A female dancer presented the Count of Leghorn with a bouquet of flowers, which in passing into his august hands took as by enchantment the form of a crown, embellished with a copy of verses by the poet Esmerard. The evening ended with a ball. The 25th was the anniversary of the battle of Marengo—a day which belonged of right to the Minister of War. The entertainment opened with a ball. At midnight the guests proceeded into the garden: it exhibited a camp with all the apparatus of war, and tents under which the supper was laid out and where the ladies were waited on by officers in uniform. A balloon was launched and ascended, silencing the darkness of the night with the name of *Marengo*. The ball recommenced and lasted till morning. Every care was taken to conduct the illustrious visitors to the public establishments; on the 21st, to a sitting of the mathematical and physical classes of the Institute, where Chaptal, Fourcroy, Laplace, Sage, Cuvier, Lalande, and Dolomieu gave lectures; the 22d, to the Conservatory of Music, and the 23d, to the Mint. Here a medal was struck in presence of the King and Queen, and presented to them by the Minister of the Interior. It was of gold and of an ounce weight. On one side it represented the genius of France offering a flower, at the bottom the date of the 21st of prairial, year IX., on the rim, to *Maria-Louise-Josephine*; on the reverse, a book open, with the words *Tuscan Code*, was placed on a fescue, the emblem of strength, ornamented with Mercury's wand, a balance, and a sword; at bottom, the date of the 10th of June, 1801; and round the rim, *To the King of Etruria*.

'For whom was all this lavish waste of flattery, so little in unison with the principles of the republic? To whom was it, that, without their consent, the people of Tuscany were thus made over? Let us hear the first consul himself characterise the new sovereign after his manner, and assign the motive of all these pompous demonstrations. He thus expressed himself one day, at Malmaison, in the hearing of several persons: "After all, it is only a poor king. One can scarce have an idea of his indifference to every thing. I have not been able to prevail on him, since he has been here, to attend on his affairs nor to take up a pen. He thinks of nothing but his pleasures, the play, or dancing. This poor M. d'Azara,\* who is a man of merit, has divided himself in four quarters, yet it is lost labour. The prince treats him with neglect. All these princes very much resemble one another. This one in particular fancies himself really formed to reign. He behaves very ill to all those about him. They had already described him to General Leclerc at Bourdeaux, as deceitful and avaricious. In coming to dine here yesterday, he fell down in a fainting fit. He was exceedingly pale, when he entered the room; I asked him what was the matter? He replied that his stomach was out of order. It was his attendants who said it was a fainting fit, and that he was often liable to those. In short, he is going to return, without knowing in the least what he means to do. He is besides altogether as presumptuous as he is incapable. I put a series of questions to him, not one of which he could answer. His wife has *tact* and cleverness, and is liked by her domestics. Sometimes, seeming to be occupied with other things, I observe and overhear the husband and wife: she tells him, or makes a sign to him in dumb show, how he ought to behave. It was not bad policy, in truth, to bring a prince into the anti-chambers of a republican government; and to let young people, who had never had the opportunity, see what a king was like. There is enough to give them a surfeit of royalty." The king of Etruria, after a month's stay at Paris, set out for Tuscany. He was installed in his throne by Murat, and justified completely the opinion which the First Consul and all Paris had conceived of him.'—P. 68.

It is not a little singular, that at the very time that Buonaparte talked thus contemptuously of kings, he meditated making himself one: he probably meant only legitimate princes, and thought that the contrast must be in his favour. He plumed himself too securely on his natural

\* The Spanish Ambassador.

superiority, and did not seem aware how prone mankind are to sympathize with hereditary imbecility. The principle of ancient idolatry lurks under the garb of modern loyalty, which indemnifies itself for the outward homage to the station by secret contempt for the person that fills it. Nations behold with more complacency, and even awe, the pigmy or the rickety form seated on the top of a throne than the Hercules, who sustains the world on his shoulders: and it is on this principle that we fancy we could change places with the one, but we know that we could not become the other! One of the most interesting parts of this work is the view which it gives of the rise and progress of Napoleon's schemes of personal aggrandisement, of the flatteries and encouragement of his brothers and his ministers, and of the steady and amiable, though unavailing opposition of Josephine, to all this fine masquerading, which she seemed to think was both bad taste and bad policy. The following passage will explain the state of household parties:

'The 18th Horeal, (1802) Madame Buonaparte observed to the Counsellor of State, N—, "I do not approve of all these projects which are in agitation: I have told Buonaparte so; he listens to me with sufficient attention; but flatterers soon make him change his opinion. The new concessions which are about to be made to him, will increase the number of his enemies. The generals cry out, that they have not fought against the Bourbons merely to substitute the Buonaparte family in their stead. I do not regret my not having children by my husband; for I should tremble for their future lot. I shall remain attached to the fortunes of Buonaparte, however perilous they may be, and as long as he shall evince towards me the same attention and friendship which he has always manifested. But the day that he shall change, I will withdraw myself from the Thuilleries. I am not ignorant that he is instigated to separate himself from me. Lucien gives the very worst advice to his brother. Nevertheless, Buonaparte knows how to appreciate his character. Shall I give you an idea of the pretensions of these *Messieurs*? I asked Jerome why he did not come to dinner on the 15th? his answer was, I shall not come as long as their is not a place reserved for me: the brothers of Buonaparte ought to have the first places after him. I replied, Do you not recollect then what you were? Go, you are no better than a child: all places are alike with me. If such a thing had been said to me by my son, I would have ordered him out of the room. It is very surprising that the persons who are in the habit of approaching the First Consul, such as the Counsellors of State, do not apprise him of the snares which are laid for him. The Consul Cambaceres is in the secret of all these plans."—P. 243.

How ridiculous and odious this first commencement of Legitimacy appears, when seen in its naked deformity—this farcical setting up of a whole family, as having a property in the state, in return for the services rendered to the state by one individual of it! Let egotism and impertinence be acted upon with every aggravation and abuse for a thousand years, and it becomes sacred, and is the very identical *Jus Divinum*! Poor Jerome had very legitimate and approved notions of the founding of a dynasty. The man of his age says to a whole people, 'I have done something for you; and therefore do you give up every thing to me and my relations, my heirs and assigns in perpetuity!' So that, according to this family logic and method of merging public principle in private gratitude, a people no sooner gain their liberty than it becomes forfeited to the liberator of his country, and the conqueror of other states has a right to enslave his own. But then comes the last of a line of kings, and says to the first, 'No; mankind do not belong to you but to me, my right being seventy times better than yours by being seventy removes from my ancestors who had the same claim that you have.' Alas! poor human nature, between the new and the old candidates, stands but a bad chance!

It was pretended at the time, that the *procès-verbal* of the arguments of the First Consul in the Council of State was revised and polished by Locré, the Secretary, and Cambaceres, in conjunction. Mankind always wish to detract from

merit by dividing it. Because Buonaparte could fight, therefore it was to be supposed he could not speak; because he gained battles, it was through mere good fortune, blundering, or even cowardice. So people would not allow Sir Joshua Reynolds to write his own 'Discourses,' but attributed them to Mr. Burke. So Mr. James Moore, a great prosa, who was fond of starting his dullness after dinner against Fuseli's brilliancy, (and it was certainly a very even match,) was unwilling to have it supposed his friend, Mr. Northcote, could talk, and agreed, with a Scotch peer and poet, to close up his mouth between them! Thibaudeau has, in several instances, collated Buonaparte's real expressions with those in the printed reports, and shown that the latter are always the weakest and least pregnant. Take one example from the debate on the age for marrying.

*'Printed Report.'* Inasmuch as it would not be advisable for a whole generation to marry at the age of thirteen or fourteen, therefore it is best not to authorize it by a general rule. It is preferable to establish as a rule what is conformable to the public interest, and to allow merely as an exception, of which the public authorities should be judge, what suits a particular interest. It would be strange if the law authorized individuals to marry before the age at which it allows them to appear as witnesses, or to receive the punishment inflicted on crimes committed by those who have attained to full discretion. That system would, perhaps, be most salutary which fixed the age of twenty-one for men and fifteen for women.

*'THE FIRST CONSUL'S OWN WORDS.'*—Is it desirable that people should be allowed to marry at thirteen and at fifteen years of age? It is answered, No: and it is proposed to substitute eighteen for men and fourteen for women. Why make so great a difference between men and women? Is it to provide for some accidental cases? But the interest of the state is of much more importance. I should see less inconvenience in fixing the age at fifteen for men, than at thirteen for women: for what can be expected from a girl of this age who has nine months of pregnancy to undergo? They cite the Jews. At Jerusalem, a girl is marriageable at ten, old at sixteen, and not approachable at twenty. You do not allow minors of fifteen years the privilege of making ordinary contracts: how then permit them, at this time of life, to contract the most solemn engagement of all? I would rather the men were not enabled to marry before twenty, nor the women before eighteen. Without that, we shall not have a good breed.—P. 429.

Now this is spoken by a man with a sword by his side, and not by one of the gentlemen of the long-robe, nor by a clerk who is more intent on mending his pen than on the point in dispute. The work (generally speaking) is an anatomical display of Buonaparte's mind. De Bausset, in the midst of all his attention to etiquette and costume, to the number of cups of coffee or glasses of Chambertin (pure or mixed) which the Emperor drank, is not without occasional *traits* of greatness. Even the minutest circumstances connected with Napoleon have the stamp of his character, and an air of grandeur about them, as the ring on the finger of a portrait by Titian shows the fine and firm pencil of the master. Once or twice the Prefect of the Imperial Palace touches the true chords of pathos or sublimity. Surely the following is worthy of the heroic spirit of ancient history.

'By the Emperor's direction, I introduced M. Denon, who brought with him several medals illustrative of the memorable campaign of Austerlitz. This series of medals commenced with the departure of the army from the camp of Boulogne, on its march towards the Rhine: the first on one side represented the head of Napoleon, and on the other a French eagle holding an English leopard. *'What does this mean?'* said Napoleon. *'Sire,'* replied M. Denon, *'it is a French eagle strangling in its talons the leopard, one of the emblems of the arms of England.'* I was seized with admiration when I saw Napoleon, with the greatest violence, fling this gold medal to the other end of the saloon, at the same time addressing Denon: *'Vile flatterer! how dare you pretend that the French eagle strangles the English leopard? I cannot even have a single fishing-boat put out to sea, but the English instantly take it. It is indeed the leopard that crushes the eagle in its paws. Have this*

*medal immediately destroyed, and never let me see any more such!'*

We forget whether it is De Bausset or Las Casas, who mentions that Napoleon was always uneasy whenever Josephine took any of the pictures from the Museum, and felt himself robbed of them, because the public were. Deriving every thing from the people, he owed every thing to them:—unlike those pampered princes, who, being born solely for their own private gratification and emolument, are only satisfied when they can get the public property into a corner, and show an uxorious fondness for every thing—but their wives!

#### MISS D. P. CAMPBELL'S POEMS.

*Poems. By Miss D. P. Campbell, of Zetland. Baldwin.*

THERE are few things so delightful at any age, or in any point of our passage through life, as novelty; and, in the present day, it seems to be sought after with singular avidity.

To the traveller, who has roamed through the loveliest and most celebrated scenes, no tidings can be so welcome and exciting as those of an untrodden and interesting country; however distant, or difficult of access, it matters not: his fancy broods over it with enthusiasm, and he longs to wander there. In the world of literature also, the appearance of genius, of lofty or beautiful sentiment and description, in a spot where we expected only to meet with the weeds and briars, in fine, with the desert of the mind, seldom fails to awake in us kindly and favourable sentiments.

On the rude and tempest-beaten shores of the Shetland Isles, a gentleman of high literary name and attainments, and a friend of the writer, happened, during the last summer, to land, with the view of exploring, at leisure, this remote territory. He traversed the whole of the principal isle, Lerwick, and several of the smaller ones, delighted, it could not be said, with the softness or beauty of nature, but with its fearful and magnificent features. Not a bush or shrub, much less any thing resembling a tree, was to be seen in the whole territory. Sad, miserable, and moss-covered hills and wastes were eternally present to the eye; on the mountain, the valley, or the slopes, sheltered from the biting winds, not a blade of verdure was visible. Mounted on a sheltie, he passed over the melancholy wastes, till he began almost to love their barrenness and silence. For the inland lochs, that are met with at every league, are deep and clear, and stored with abundance of fine fish; and the voes, or arms of the sea, enter into the land so frequent and so far, that the traveller, in spite of the great width of the island, never finds himself more than two or three miles from the sea. These voes are in general narrow, and bordered on each side by lofty and savage rocks of every form, amidst which are sometimes scattered the fishermen's huts; for the most excellent fish of every kind abound in them. These voes would often have the appearance of noble rivers, or inland lakes, were it not for the almost eternal swell and tumble of the water, coming from the north and western oceans on each side. The shores of the isles excel those of almost every other land in grandeur and wildness. Fitful and Sunborough heads are already well known to every reader of the 'Pirate'; the terrors as well as height of the former have been greatly exaggerated in that beautiful tale. One circumstance of this traveller's journey in the Shetlands gave him more surprise, as well as pleasure, than any part of their strange and impressive features of nature; it was the discovery, if it may be so called, of a lady of high poetical feeling and talent, a woman who had not only felt keenly the power and charm of her own impressive scenery, but had had the hardihood, even on 'Torneo's sullen shore,' to woo, gently and successfully, the muses that are thought to be natives of a warmer

land. Miss Campbell is a native of Lerwick, the only place that bears the likeness of a town; her father, who was once the physician there, died some years ago, leaving little heritage to his daughter, save the talents and feelings that heaven had given her. And these have been her sure and almost sole consolation in her own native 'world in miniature,' (where, however, every passion and pride of the larger one are found,) have cheered her to look forward to futurity, with a faint hope of fame, if not of riches. Alas! it was faint indeed! We have heard of more than one being, left desolate on some shore in the midst of the seas, where groves and streams were around him, but no human voice; having carved his name on the bark of the trees, in the hope that, should any voyager land when he was no more, his name might thus be preserved from perishing. A similar feeling, probably, urged the Shetland poetess to persevere, amidst neglect, obscurity, and the coldness of those who, in her better days, had smiled on her way. A more discouraging situation can hardly be imagined, to a woman still in the prime of life, of a fine imagination and exquisite sensibility, with not a kindred spirit around her, and shut in, by her own stormy sea, from all intercourse with the world beyond. The productions of Miss Campbell are chiefly in verse, and consist of pieces descriptive of the wild scenery of her own isle, of the often equally wild yet simple manners and sentiments of its natives, varied with striking traits of feeling and passion.

The following lines are from a piece called the 'Valley of Teu,' (a romantic vale in Coningsburgh.) A youth, who has long quitted his native place for a distant voyage, recalls it with passionate regret:

'How dear are the days of the past to my soul;  
How sweet are the scenes of my childhood and youth!  
Roll back, ye blest moments of innocence, roll,  
When the bosom was glowing with nature and truth;  
When my feet fondly roved the bare mountains among,  
And green fertile vales spreading fair to the view—  
Where the mountain-stream rushes in beauty along,  
Like the murmuring burn through the valley of Teu.  
'And there is the path-way along the burn-side,  
Where I wandered with Ellen, sweet flower of the vale!  
Dear, loveliest Ellen! my long-promised bride,  
How cold is thy dwelling, thy beauty how pale!  
When the rising waves dashed on the echoing shore,  
And over the surges the loud tempest blew,  
Did'st thou listen with anguish and dread to the roar,  
And think upon William, far distant from Teu?  
'And I, my beloved one, would seek thy cold grave,  
To share it, and join thee again in the sky;  
But honour forbids that a son of the wave  
Should shrink, like a coward, when battle is nigh!  
And battle is near, and to-morrow we go;  
Ye scenes of delight, an eternal adieu!  
Soon, soon from this bosom the life-blood shall flow,  
And these dim eyes be closed—but far distant from Teu.'

The 'Wedding day of Albert, a northern Tale,' is one of the most beautiful pieces of this little collection. The festive scene is interrupted by the sudden presence of a girl he had formerly loved:

'Albert! they said I was betrayed,  
Left and abandoned for a wealthier maid;  
But, oh, my love! I knew it could not be,  
And they who told the story knew not thee!  
They did not know thy soul—thy faith sincere,  
And all that made thee to this heart so dear.  
They watched my steps; they told me I was wild,  
And would not let me go my love to seek.  
'But I at length their watchfulness beguiled,  
And I am here. But, Albert, I am weak  
And sick at heart; for I had far to roam  
On the wild beach where wilder surges foam;  
Eager mid blackening rocks I careless sprung,  
And scared the eagles from their callow young.  
Ah, me! I wander—lady, I have done,  
And will away,—she turned her to depart—  
'The rose he gave is withered quite and gone,  
And thou art withered too,—my broken heart.'

The following lines from 'Inchdarrack' show



that the lonely authoress images scenes fairer than her own :

'The wilderness of shrubs and flowers  
That drink the balmy summer showers,  
And forest branches bending low,  
To catch the breezes as they blow ;  
These beam alone in fancy's eye,  
That views them richly gliding by ;  
'Mid barren rocks, and vallies drear,  
And the stern precipice of fear.

Sorrow awoke my earliest lay,  
And sorrow shrouds its closing day ;  
Inchdarrack ! to thy groves adieu !  
These eyes no more thy groves shall view ;  
Save when, perchance, in midnight dream,  
To wander 'neath their shade I seem ;

Or think I climb thy flowery braise,  
Or hear the murmur of thy river :  
Alas ! the vision flits with night away,  
The storm-beat isle must be my home for ever.'

The length of these extracts will, perhaps, be pardoned by the reader, when he reflects that they are the fruits of a mind that has known no field fairer than 'this prison of nature,' the Isle of Torneo, to whose shore the words of applause or indulgence have seldom come.

#### DOMESTIC MEDICINE—DOCTOR REECE'S MEDICAL GUIDE.

This work exhibits a popular view of the various diseases incident to the human frame, and is very similar to that of the late Doctor Buchan, with this exception, that it is much its superior. Although works of this nature are of great service to the heads of families, yet we object to them for one reason, and, in our opinion, a very strong one ; *i. e.*, a parent is frequently not able to discriminate sufficiently between the various complaints, and not unfrequently the unfortunate patient has been hurried to his grave in this manner through their ignorance. This result has happened, to our own knowledge, in three or four instances. However, where a work of this kind falls into the hands of a careful and attentive person, one who can reason and reflect, we do not apprehend that unfortunate mistakes will occur. This edition, we are glad to perceive, contains not only a valuable dispensary, but also a copious description of the new French remedies, which have recently been introduced into the medical practice of this country. Among the various articles that arrest the reader's attention, is a long one on Diet ; we shall, however, give a few extracts as a specimen of the volume :

'By the fashionable and leading physicians and surgeons of this metropolis, (except Mr. Abernethy,) the dietetic management of patients is so much neglected, that a physician or surgeon would seldom trouble himself about it, if the patient or the nurse were not to apply to him for instructions respecting it. Hippocrates paid very particular attention to regimen ; and such was the importance he attached to it, in the treatment of diseases, and as the means of securing the body against a variety of maladies, that he was desirous of being considered the founder of this most important part of medicine. Of the practitioners of the present day, Mr. Abernethy is the only one who considers diet of more consequence than medicine in the treatment of chronic disorders, and also as the means of preserving the body in a state of health. The opinions of this practitioner, on this head are similar to those of Hippocrates, both with regard to the constitutional treatment of chronic diseases, and the preservation of health : his system is, in fact, with the exception of the blue pill, that of Hippocrates, in the fashionable dress of the day.'

Much controversy has arisen at various times among physiologists and philosophers, whether the Creator intended man to derive his coporeal support from the animal or vegetable kingdom, or from both. Dr. Lambe, among others, supports the vegetable system ; 'for he has ascertained that those who confine themselves to this

diet, never experience thirst, and do not require the use of drink, provided they have not accustomed themselves to the use of wine or spirituous liquors.' The late Baron Haller, on the other hand, maintained that the stomach of man is formed between that of carnivorous and herbivorous animals, *i. e.* or partakes of both, but he informs us, that it approaches more to the graminivorous ; and the late John Hunter asserted, that the human stomach is the link between animals that live on vegetables, and those which are entirely carnivorous. Mr. Abernethy is of this opinion, and does not believe that any difference exists in *chyle*, formed from animal or vegetable food.

We shall conclude our notice of this interesting volume, with the following extracts :

'The diet of children and young people should consist greatly of diluents, in order to facilitate the progress of youth. Hence broths, and a large proportion of vegetables, are the most suitable nourishment. Milk, also, is a proper part of diet, and it should be used in every form during this stage of life. In point of drink, water is the best, and should be almost the only beverage. Seasoning of all kinds should be avoided, and nothing should be taken that can, by stimulating the system, induce a too early maturity, before the constitution is ripened by years.

'With complete adolescence, the quantity of food, necessary for the period of growth, should be abridged ; but from the active scenes of life, in which the body is then engaged, the food should be of a more stimulating nature, and a proper portion of animal food interspersed. The proportion, however, must be regulated to circumstances ; thus, those, who pursue a sedentary and studious mode of life, should be more sparing in the use of animal food and stimulant drink ; for by excess of nourishment to the body, the intellects are found proportionally weakened. Those of a firm and vigorous habit possess a strong disposition to inflammatory diseases. Excesses, therefore, should be particularly avoided by them, especially in the use of fermented liquors. Where the constitution is delicate and irritable, a diet moderately stimulating is most suitable, with a very spare use of fermented drinks. The sanguine should confine their diet chiefly to vegetable food, and their drink to water without any impregnation. The phlegmatic habit admits a greater latitude in the use of a stimulating diet than any other, and both seasoning and stimulating drink will prove less hurtful to such a constitution ; the chief point is to guard against corpulency. Where a dry habit prevails, young meat, with fruits and fresh vegetables, forms the best regimen ; and, in point of drink, good wine, diluted with water, is preferable.

'The diet of age, or after fifty-five, should return somewhat to the early periods of life. The proportion of solid food should be lessened, and the diet recommended for youth adopted ; thus broth and liquid food should mostly be used, and all nourishment taken of an easy digestion, with a moderate use of seasoning. The appetite is more languid, and the machine requires to be stimulated. Well-fermented liquors, especially wine, are also proper, for the system must be invigorated and supported, unless the subject be of a full habit, or disposed to apoplexy.'

With the exception we have already made, we can cordially recommend the use of this work ; it contains the practical part, (the most useful,) without the superfluous theories, with which most of our works on the practice of physic are overloaded.

#### LITERARY LETTER FROM PARIS.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

Paris, 20th March, 1828

SIR,—Whilst 'Aurelia,' a Comedy of Casimir Delavigne's is greeted with hisses at the Theatre Français, 'Charles the Second, or the Labyrinth of Woodstock,' by M. Alexandre Duval, also an academicien, is received with unbounded applause at the Odeon. Sir Walter Scott has furnished the subject of this dramatic production, of which the following is the plot. Charles the Second, on the death of his father, having taken refuge at the Court of France, soon acquires a reputation for the gallantry and courage, which, at that period, so distinguished the nobility of that country. It was from the midst of this dissipated and voluptuous court

that the young prince without friends, followers or money, suddenly effected a landing in England, in order to try how far fortune might favour his cause. (It is well known that he was compelled to return with even greater speed than he had exerted in going.) Whilst in England, however, persecuted and pursued by the Parliament, but still hoping to strengthen his party, Charles Stuart and his friend Rochester remain concealed in the Castle of Woodstock. Here he receives kindness and protection ; but, instead of devising means to extricate himself from this perilous situation, he seems more intent upon obtaining the love of his host's daughter, the fair Alice, who on her part has been led to suppose him a near relation, and looks upon him as her cousin.

Alice is left alone in the castle with her supposed relative, whilst her father and brother are endeavouring to rally the friends and partisans of the former monarch. This affords our disguised prince a favourable opportunity of pressing his suit ; and the credulous girl being persuaded that he is endowed with second sight, she is frequently prevailed upon to let her cousin seize her hand and press it to his heart. In fact, the volatile and inconstant Charles the Second appears to have become seriously enamoured of the simple, unaffected Alice, and flatters himself that he is beloved in return. But Alice has already bestowed her affections on her real relation, Colonel Edwards, who commands a regiment in Cromwell's service. The arrival of Edwards deranges Charles's plans, and the presence of the King equally interferes with the lovers. The Colonel, on being urged to become social with his Scottish cousin, considers him as some partisan of the royal cause, who wishes to remain in concealment. The King's anxiety still increasing, he endeavours to avoid Cromwell's soldiers, and wanders into the deepest recesses of the Labyrinth, hoping to remain unnoticed ; but Alice, who had appointed a rendezvous with Colonel Edwards, arrives first, and meets Charles, who, no longer doubtful of her affection, ventures upon an avowal of his passion, and, to prove the sincerity of his love, makes her an offer of a crown, which is no longer his to bestow. Colonel Edwards, (who, by the bye, is somewhat dilatory in keeping his appointment,) overhears the King's declaration, becomes furious with rage, and mistaking the Prince for Rochester, insults and challenges him. This scene has a surprisingly fine effect.

Alice, however, having heard of the challenge, resolves on preventing the duel. She, accordingly, proceeds to the forest where it is to take place, and there, by means of the influence which she possesses over Edwards, prevails upon him to retract the injurious language he had used towards Rochester. Charles now discovers (though rather too late) that he is not beloved ; he acknowledges himself to the Colonel, who promises to provide for his safety. This, however, becomes useless ; the King defeats his enemies, pardons the rebels, and insures the liberty of his subjects.

Such is the plot of this new Comedy of M. Duval's, who, as you perceive, is not over scrupulous in adhering to historical facts. Some of the scenes are well arranged, the dialogue is written with spirit and animation, and the character of Charles Stuart is well drawn ; but the piece wants interest—there is no anxiety created respecting the fate of the fugitive king. We cannot, also, but wonder that the youthful Alice, left alone in the Castle with her cousin, should not have been more circumspect in her conduct. She is sometimes in a wood, where the young adventurer tells her her fortune ; then in a subterranean ruin to meet her lover ; and again, in the gloom of a forest to await the two combatants. Nor is the denouement at all well brought about ; the triumph of the royalist party seems to be introduced solely for the purpose of producing a happy conclusion. There are but three scenes in this play which exhibit any talent on the part of the author, or which tend to support his reputation. The first is in the second act, where the challenge is given ; the second in the third, when the king makes his will ; and the last is the duel scene.

This is however not sufficient, when the author has not the merit of inventing his plot, and the public voice requires something more from Monsieur Duval.

In the March number of 'The Monthly Review,' I observe an error, which I think requires pointing out, as it relates to the literary history of the present age, and its correction interests a writer whose talents and reputation I admire and esteem. The writer of the article upon the third and fourth volumes of the 'History of the French Revolution,' says at page 331, 'On the literary execution of the two volumes before us, we cannot bestow an equal measure of praise,

with that which we rendered to the first part of the history, which formed the joint work of M. Bodin and the author. We are hence led to attribute the chief merit of the former portion not to M. Thiers, but his late coadjutor, &c. Without discussing the truth of the premises on which this argument is founded, I beg to assure you that the inference is wholly unjust. The fact is, that M. Bodin has not written a single line of the 'History of the Revolution.' When M. Thiers undertook this work he was unknown in the literary world, and his publisher required that the name of some well-known writer should be associated with his, in the title of the work, in order to attract attention. M. Bodin, a friend of M. Thiers, lent himself to this trifling artifice, and the success of the first two volumes made it unnecessary to employ it in the succeeding ones.

Two young men of brilliant talents, M. Cane and M. Gignès, who published, last year, a volume of plays, called the 'Soirées de Neuilly, par M. De Fongeray,' the flattering success of which you are no doubt acquainted with, have just brought out a second volume of the same collection, containing three pieces. The first intitled 'Malet,' is an outline of the conspiracy, with the trial of the conspirators, who threatened the throne of Napoleon, in 1812. In the second, called 'Dieu et le Diable,' the authors have portrayed, in opposition to each other, a worthy Catholic priest and a Jesuit. In the third, 'Les Stationnaires,' they give a descriptive history of an emigrant, a republican of 1793, a general of the empire, and the progressive improvements of a man of the present age. This volume, like the former one, is remarkable for dramatic interest, a faithful delineation of character, but particularly for its refined satire.

#### NEW MUSIC.

*A New Method of Instruction for the Spanish Guitar, the Lessons original and selected, but principally by Carulli, Giuliani, and Meissonier.* Ewer and Johanning. 4s.

If this new method be as good as it is concise, it must be unusually estimable, for the whole of the instructions occupy but parts of two pages. 'Brevity is the soul of wit,' and the unknown author of the new method seems to have read this apothegm. However, to any teacher of the guitar, the lessons that follow the brief introduction are well adapted to the purposes of tuition, being of a familiar and highly pleasing character. One novelty is proposed, that of changing fingers upon the repetition of a note; and although the rule is perfectly correct, (generally speaking,) in fingering the harp and piano-forte, it may be thought by some teachers not so applicable to the guitar.

'*The Grecian Lover*,' a Ballad, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Guitar; the words by F. A. Stumpff; the Music composed and dedicated to Miss Paton by Raphael Dressler. Published by the Author. 2s.

M. KERR RAPHAEL DRESSLER was lately first flute of the Grand Imperial Opera-House at Vienna, and is now a successful teacher of that instrument and the guitar in this country. He is also author of 'The Preceptor for the Flute,' lately published, which contains a vast deal of new matter, and is considered a very clever and useful work. His examples of articulation, his eighteen capriccios, and his ingeniously varied exercise, (embracing the principal features of flute playing,) are deservedly admired. 'The Grecian Lover' is a pleasing little andantino in A, 6-8 time, easy to be sung by any one with a moderately compassed voice, being composed within the E on the first line; and its octave above and under the staves, containing the piano-forte accompaniment, is engraved a fingered part for the guitar, which, to teachers and performers upon that instrument, may be found singularly useful.

*Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced a second favourite Swiss Air, as sung by Madame Stockhausen. Composed and dedicated to Miss de St. Germe, by T. Latour, Pianiste to his Majesty.* Published by the Author. 3s.

In the composition of this very pleasing Rondo, the author seems to have abstained from introducing any thing bordering upon the chromatic style, in order to furnish something which would please the general taste, and be within the reach of moderate proficiency; and he has in our opinion accomplished his purpose with complete success. The introductory Andante Pastorale in D,

6-8 time, (which occupies one page,) exhibits a flowing pleasing melody, characteristic of the air it precedes; and the Swiss Allegretto vivace is an interesting specimen of that very popular species of Thema, both in its simple guise, and when varied by an amplification of broken chords into triplets; its minor also is neat and appropriate, and the whole exceedingly well arranged.

'*Onever fall in love.*' Ballad as sung with unbounded applause by Madame Vestris; and 'The fairest Flower,' Ballad as sung by Mr. Wood, in the Musical Farce of 'The Invincibles. The Poetry by T. Morton, and the music by A. Lee. Published by the Author, each 2s.

To criticise the musical composition of 'trifles light as air,' such as the pieces above announced, would be as inconsistent as to offer a grave discussion upon the diction in which the biography of 'Jack, the Giant Killer,' or 'Cock Robin,' might be written, or even seriously to criticise the words of the trifles themselves. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that they are pleasing, inoffensive ballads, and are highly popular at the present moment. Madame Vestris's song (an allegro moderato, in G 6-8 time,) is within a moderate compass of voice, and, in the performance, always meets with an encore—her archness and naïveté insure its success; but it is a very lively pretty ballad notwithstanding. Mr. Wood's song (andante quasi allegretto in F) does not exhibit much novelty, and the 'sad high ho' is a little lackadaisical: the concluding passage of the song is Mr. Braham's own, and was new to us upon his return to England in the year 1801.

*A new Grand March for the Piano-forte, composed for his Royal Highness Don Miguel, by J. B. Cramer. Cramer and Co., 2s.*

This superior writer for the piano-forte, has condescended to compose and publish a short march and trio, quite à la Rossini, of a very pleasing and familiar character, and well adapted for teaching and general use. His insertion of the English word 'lightly,' twice in the trio, seems peculiar, now that we are so accustomed to be overwhelmed with Italian, German, and French expressions, but it is in character with the general simplicity of the piece. The whole occupies but four pages, and deserves popularity.

#### ENGRAVINGS.

##### NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

*The Battle of Navarino, engraved by R. Smart, and H. Pyall, from Drawings made by Sir J. Theophilus Lee, under the immediate inspection of Captain Lord Viscount Inglefield. Ackermann. London, 1828.*

We had occasion, in a former number of the Athenæum, to speak in terms of praise of these two spirited plates, from an inspection of them in their progressive state. They are now both finished, and ready for publication; and the proofs, which have been sent us, confirm the expectation we then encouraged. The drawing of the ships, as well as the disposition of their masts and rigging, is most accurate, and could only have been accomplished by the pencil of one intimately acquainted with the technical details: while the general effect offers a striking instance of the power of combining, by a skillful grouping and distribution of objects, all the active bustle of a crowded fight, without indistinctness or confusion.

##### PUBLIC PORTRAITS.

*Portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, engraved by Henry Dawe, from a painting by M. Jagger, in the possession of the Countess of Errol. M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.*

This is a mezzotint print, giving what painters call a Bishop's half-length view\* of the Lord High Admiral. The figure and attitude are good; the likeness, (except the ordinary failing of being flattered) accurate; and the composition of the picture, as to seat, draperies, &c. extremely chaste and effective. Why a studious expression has been given to the countenance, and a book placed in the hand, it is not easy to divine: as we have never understood that Prince William Henry was the most literary member of the house of Brunswick; that honour, we believe, belongs to the Duke of Sussex, whose taste and acquirements, in this branch of knowledge, are well known to all who have the honour of his acquaintance.

\* A Bishop's half-length is longer than a Layman's, as it is made to include that, without which a Bishop would be nothing—his lawn sleeves.

*Portrait of John Singleton, Baron Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. Engraved by Thomas Wright from an original Drawing by A. Wivell. M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.*

DISGUISED as the human countenance necessarily is, by the barbarous head-dress of our Judges, giving them a mane of hair flowing down on each side, like the broad woolly tails of Hottentot sheep, and resembling the brute rather than the human part of creation,—it is some merit, in a picture so disfigured, to see any likeness at all. This portrait of Lord Lyndhurst does exhibit a likeness; all the features resemble the original; but they are all softened into a harmony and proportion which does not characterize the natural face: it is the beau-ideal of the Chancellor's head, with sufficient of the expression left to indicate for whom it was meant at least. The Engraving, which is of the dotted kind, is free, soft, and well-finished.

*Hannibal in Banishment. Painted and Drawn on Stone, by Richard Westall, R.A., from the original Picture in the collection of William Chamberlayne, Esq., M.P. M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.*

The venerable figure, snowy head, and aged and emaciated limbs, scarcely concealed by the coarse and rude garments of poverty, added to the dejected and serious air of the countenance of the banished Roman, make this an affecting representation of greatness in affliction. There is a simplicity and absence of ornament in the execution, which accord well with the subject, and concentrate the whole attention of the spectator in the moral of the picture, which cannot be regarded with indifference.

#### MONUMENT TO MR. CANNING.

ALTHOUGH we are not in possession of all the circumstances which have induced Mr. Chantrey to decline executing the marble statue of Mr. Canning, proposed to be erected in Westminster Abbey, and have not, therefore, formed any conclusive opinion as to the propriety of his refusal; we see no reason for withholding a few observations, suggested on the subject by the Report of the Committee. It seems to us, then, that, if the giving the larger commission to Mr. Westmacott be considered by the profession, and regarded by the world, as implying an admission of that artist's superiority to Mr. Chantrey, there cannot be a dissentient from the opinion expressed in the Report of the Committee that the latter gentleman is perfectly justified in refusing to be concerned in the minor undertaking. Mr. Chantrey owed it to himself not to subscribe his own degradation from the rank of pre-eminence in which, indisputably, public opinion has placed him. If, on the contrary, disappointment and vexation at not obtaining the more lucrative job, have influenced the decision of Mr. Chantrey, the sordid and unartist-like feeling cannot be too strongly deprecated. The estimation which the excellence of Mr. Chantrey's works has procured him, the general admiration which the dignity, grandeur, and expression of his single figures have inspired, might, we think, have assured him, that the apparent preference shown to Mr. Westmacott was not intended by the Committee, nor would have been received by the public, as expressing an opinion of the respective merits of the two artists. Mr. Chantrey, we think, therefore, might have viewed the proceeding in another light; he might have regarded Mr. Westmacott's success in obtaining the 7000*l.* commission as an instance of the good fortune of that artist, not to be repined at by a brother,—as a proof of the zeal and power of that gentleman's friends at court. He might have consoled himself, also, with the reflection that Mr. Westmacott, although a patronised artist, and Lecturer at the Royal Academy, is not devoid of general reputation; and, above all, (and this, probably, operated forcibly with the Committee,) that he has approved his skill in the mechanical but hazardous process of foundry by more than one successful work. On the other hand, he might have looked upon the offer to himself of the commission to execute the marble statue in Westminster Abbey as a tribute, unflinching by favour of any kind, to his acknowledged pre-eminence; as a commission which, if less calculated to fill the purse, conferred more honour, and could not fail in his hands of conducing to higher glory. We think, therefore, that, without inquiring what became of the rest of the 10,000*l.*, Mr. Chantrey would not have derogated from his personal dignity, or from his eminence as an artist, by accepting the commission for the marble statue, and taking advantage of the opportunity which enthusiasm, inspired by the subject, would have



afforded him of surpassing all his former works. These remarks, we repeat, are made on a mere general view of the subject; and in the full conviction that they are liable to qualification by many circumstances which may have attended the transaction, and may have made it imperative on Mr. Chantrey, from regard to his own reputation, and to the interests of artists and the arts in general, to act as he has done.

He has declined the commission however; and the next question is, who is to be honoured with so noble an opportunity of acquiring distinction and fame? It would be a delicacy of the falsest kind, it would be a dereliction of a duty we owe to friendship, were we, from the consideration of being actuated in some degree by private regard, to abstain, on such an occasion, from calling to mind an absent artist, whose acknowledged genius and talent would acquit the most intimate friend of partiality in referring to him:—we mean Gibson, the author of the beautiful group of *Psyche* and the *Zephyrs*, included in the last year's exhibition at the Royal Academy, whom all who have had opportunities of comparing his now numerous works executed in Rome with the most successful efforts of modern art, regard as second to Thorwaldsen alone. The princes and nobles who flock to that capital from other countries, no less than the liberal and discriminating patrons of art who arrive there from our own, vie with each other for the possession of the productions of this sculptor's chisel; while artists of all nations there congregated are emulous in acknowledging his talents and genius, not less than the modesty and unassuming simplicity which accompany and adorn them. Besides the group of *Psyche* before alluded to, a *Mars and Cupid*, at Chatsworth; a figure, executed for Lord George Cavendish; a beautiful statue of Paris, in the possession of Mr. Watson Taylor, are now in this country, to attest the genius of Gibson, not less for what is grand than for what is graceful. The splendour of his talents, however, is only to be appreciated by those who have enjoyed his intimacy, and have had opportunities of witnessing the constant interesting workings of an imagination replete with ideas of nobleness and grace, delineated by a bold and ready pencil. We hesitate the less to make these observations, as distance has long since interrupted our communications with this our talented countryman; and as our former acquaintance with him was occasioned by no private connection, but originated solely in admiration of his genius and character. We are confident that, if entrusted with the execution of Mr. Canning's monument, he would produce a work honourable to himself and to his country. He is of Liverpool; and the popularity of the late Minister amongst his townsmen would be an additional excitement to enthusiasm.

#### VALLEY OF ANDORRA.

It is a fact, very little known, that, within the Spanish territory and contiguous to France, there has existed for ages a small Republic, perfectly independent of the two neighbouring kingdoms, and owing allegiance to neither. This is the Valley of Andorra, situated in the County of Spanish Cerdane, and inclosed between two branches of the Pyrenean mountains, facing Urgel. On the east and south, this Valley confines with the district of Puigcerdá; on the west, partly with the same district, and that of Tàrragona; and on the north, with the Compté de Foix, where the French territory commences. This Valley is situated in Lat. 43. 35, and Lon. 45, from the meridian of Paris, and is seven leagues long, six wide, and fifteen in circumference. It contains twenty small towns and villages, divided into six parishes, having fifty suffragan churches, with a population of about ten thousand souls. Andorra la Bella is the capital, called so from the peculiar beauty of its appearance. San Julià de Loria, formerly Lauredia; Encamp, anciently Encap; Canillo, once Canillars; Ordino, formerly Ordinavi; and Masana-Matrana; are the names of the other principal places. There are, besides, several sanctuaries, or chapels, containing miraculous images, the most frequented of which are, Our Lady of Merichell, Canolich and St. Anton, usually called La Grella.

This interesting Valley, embosomed among mountains, and from every point of which the traveller beholds all the romantic wildness of picturesque scenery, is watered by several rivers, the largest of which are the Balira, Ordino, and Hos, the first two of which have their immediate origin in the Valley, whilst the source of the latter descends from the contiguous Spanish territory. These and the other minor streams abound in fish, more particularly the trout, of a large

kind, and extremely delicate flavour. Most of the surrounding mountains, constituting part of the mighty frontier of the Peninsula, which cannot be passed without mingled emotions of awe and pleasure, are almost inaccessible, and consequently have only been imperfectly explored. The highest and most remarkable of them are, the Iron Mine Mountain; the Cazamans, Sattria, Monclár, San Julià de Loria and Juglar, all of which may be considered as prolongations of the Pyrenees. The Valley and surrounding declivities contain several fine forests, which might furnish good ship-timber and masts, easily floated down the rivers Balira and Segre, as far as Tortosa, situated on the left bank of the Ebro, and only four leagues from the Mediterranean. The district of Andorra abounds in minerals of various kinds, which, with the exception of the Iron Ore, are almost neglected. The jaspers are beautifully variegated, and the colours extremely brilliant. The foot of the scientific mineralogist, in fact, has scarcely trodden this secluded spot. Wild goats, boars, bears, wolves, and several smaller quadrupeds, are frequently seen, as well as game of all kinds, more particularly a species of moor-game, called there, *gallo-silvestre*.

The pasture-grounds, throughout the whole valley, are of an extremely rich and luxuriant nature, and the sheep-walks highly valued. Transparent streamlets, supplied by cascades and water-falls, descending from the mountains, skirt the meadows, on which a considerable number of fine cattle continually graze. The six parishes are divided into four wards, or *quartiers*, the term used there, each one having a particular range of forests and commons, allotted for the use of the inhabitants, and the local affairs of each ward are conducted by an alderman. The breed of horses is particularly esteemed, and a considerable trade carried on in this, as well as other species of cattle. The tobacco-plant, so highly contraband in all Spain, is very generally cultivated in the Valley of Andorra. The growers take it clandestinely to La Seo De Urgel and other parts of Catalonia, where they exchange it for clothing and such other manufactures as they require, which they then convey to their own territory, free of duties. The inhabitants are hardy and industrious; in their appearance superior to those of the neighbouring mountains. The few iron-mines, imperfectly worked, afford rough ore for the supply of four furnaces; and one establishment, called Moles, is considered as a most eligible situation for the manufacture of arms, according to the reports of several military officers, not only on account of the goodness of the ore, but also the abundance of fuel.

Respecting the origin of the Republic of Andorra, which may really be considered as a political phenomenon, the records are numerous and curious. In 1748, D. Antonio Fiter y Rossell, a native and magistrate of Ordino, by orders of the general council, constructed, in the Catalan language, a *Manual Digesto*, in 2 vols., in which he enumerates the privileges of the Andorrese, defends their independence, and gives a complete outline of the manner in which they administer their own affairs. Most of the Spanish historians have also mentioned this secluded spot; and from their united testimony, it appears that the French, under Louis the Pious, entered Spain with a powerful army, on pretext of assisting the Spaniards to drive out the Moors, when the auxiliary forces took possession of the province of Catalonia and kingdom of Navarre. The city of Barcelona surrendered to them in the year 801, at which time it was commanded by Zadi, a Moor; and during the reign of Hemur or Gamir, when in 819, by a solemn act, dated Nov. 2, Louis yielded up and conveyed over to Sisibutus, Bishop of Urgel, 'all the parishes and other dependencies of the Valley of Andorra, as well as the dominions, rights and possessions thereof; authorizing the said bishop to hold the same for his own use, in a sovereign and independent manner,' &c. This is the origin of the independence of the Valley of Andorra, which the subsequent kings of France have always had under their immediate protection, successively granting to the inhabitants various important privileges. The above grant was confirmed by Charles the Bold, who, as king of France, made over to the said bishop, as the act states, '*talem potestatem qualem nos habere conabamur*.' Bernald Castelló, the fiftieth Bishop of Urgel, and twenty-sixth possessor and lord of the Valley of Andorra, afterwards conveyed his right and title thereto, to Ramon Bernat, first Count de Foix, as a remuneration for his services in taking up arms, in the bishop's favour, against the Count de Urgel, in 1194. This conveyance was not, however, at that time carried into effect, the Valley remaining in the hands of six successive bishops of Urgel, and till the year 1259, when Roger Bernat, second Count de Foix, declared war against the existing bishop, besieged

the city of Urgel, and laid waste a large portion of the surrounding country, demanding the restoration of his rights to the Valley of Andorra, by virtue of the transfer made to his grandfather. The matter in dispute was left to arbitration, when, by a legal award, Count de Foix was declared to be the rightful lord, *pro indiviso*, of the Valley of Andorra.

Subsequently, the Infante Don Pedro and Ferdinand of Arragon conquered the Counts de Foix, in 1334 and 1513, and Philips II. and III., annexed the Valley of Andorra to their own dominions, declaring themselves to be the lords thereof. The Compté de Foix was incorporated with the crown of France, at the commencement of the 16th century, and during the reign of Louis XIII.; but, so unceasing have been the intrigues of the bishops of Urgel, so great the influence of the French monarchs, and so immediate the interest of the latter in excluding Spain from any exercise of power in the Valley, that they have always maintained its neutrality and independence, and prevented the ancient rights and privileges of the inhabitants, bestowed upon them by their predecessors, from being impaired. Various disputes subsequently took place between the kings of Spain and France, respecting the sovereignty of this secluded spot, when, at length, the latter, sensible of the difficulty of retaining military possession of a district of country that had always been considered as an integral part of Catalonia, and in opposition to the boundaries fixed by nature, as well as established and acknowledged from the time of Julius Cæsar; yet, at the same time, anxious that it should be free from the control of the Castilian crown, agreed that it should be governed as an independent state, with the semblance only of allegiance paid to its primitive lords, who, in other respects, waived their ancient rights. By this means, future collisions were prevented, and Andorra assumed an anomalous form of government, under the immediate protection of the French monarchs. Their real object in this protection was, always to have the means of an easy access into Spain at their command. The four passes, or defiles through the Pyrenees, leading into the valley, and called Framiguel, Saldeu, Fontargent, and Siguer, are inaccessible on the side of Spain, although extremely practicable when advancing from the valley. Through these passes, a French army may, therefore, easily enter Spain, whereas a body of troops, moving forwards from an opposite direction, can easily be repulsed, in consequence of the good defence afforded by the circle of mountains surrounding the valley. This is the real motive that has uniformly induced the kings of France to favour the independence of the Andorrese Republic, and prevent it from being annexed to the Spanish crown; and in the two last invasions, their armies have certainly derived material advantages from this circumstance, through the facilities thereby obtained.

A court, called the Cortes, takes cognisance of all crimes committed within the district. Its members are, two Commissioners, or representatives of the Sovereign Lords, viz. the King of France and Bishop of Urgel, and by them respectively appointed. On the part of his most Christian Majesty, the choice usually falls on a Frenchman, whereas the Bishop selects his representative from among the most distinguished natives of the Valley. This Board has supreme authority in every thing relating to government and justice, and is assisted by two delegates, named by the General Council of the Valley. Dubious and legal matters are previously submitted to an assessor, who is the Judge of Appeals, in civil causes; and the Supreme Board is besides attended by lawyers, called *robonadors*, who are specially commissioned to watch over the privileges of the inhabitants, intercede for criminals, and promote the ends of justice. A sentence, *corporis afflictiva*, pronounced by this Court, is executed on the spot; but if it ordains hard labour, the criminal is sent to the galleys or *presidios* of Spain.

Civil matters are decided, in the first instance, by a *bayle* or bailiff, alternately appointed by the King of France and Bishop of Urgel, from a list of six persons, being one for each parish, formed by the General Council out of the higher classes, and this nomination lasts three years. The sentences pronounced by this Court are carried before the Judge of Appeals, and thence to the respective Lords, in which case the King of France confides the matter to the Parliament of Toulouse, or the Council of Roussillon, and the Bishop usually to his vicar. The salaries of the judge and his officers absorb a large portion of the contested property, as they receive 15 per cent. on the amounts of all verdicts, and 5 per cent. on provisional and interlocutory proceedings.

The General Council is composed of twenty-four Members, or Aldermen, chosen by the parishes, half of whom are renewed every year. This Court takes cog-

nizance of all minor disputes, breaches of the peace, and matters relating to public lands, forests, waters, fisheries, commons, roads, paths, weights, measures, taverns, markets, assessments, taxes, &c. It also fixes the price of wheat, meat, wine, and other provisions, and presides over the economical administration of the district. Each parish also constitutes a separate ward, and has a municipal body of its own. There are, besides, a Judge of appeals, and public notary, alternately named, for life, by the King of France and Bishop of Urgel. In his official papers, he first styles himself, 'auctoritate condominorum Vallium Andorrae Judex ordinarius;' and the second, 'auctoritate ordinaria et condominorum Vallium Andorrae, illustrissimorum Episcopi Urgellii et Comitum Fuxi notarius publicus,' &c.

Hence it appears, that the Kings of Spain exercise no sovereignty or power whatsoever, within the jurisdiction of the Valley; indeed, from several passages in the 'Manual Digesto,' it would seem, that the local authorities are extremely jealous of the slightest interference on their part. In the levies for troops made in the surrounding districts, it has sometimes happened that a youth, on whom the lot had fallen, has taken refuge within the Andorra district, in order to avoid being dragged away to the army, when a Spanish party has pursued him in the night and conducted him back. These acts have always given rise to complaints, and the representative of his most Christian Majesty, at the Spanish court, has usually befriended the authorities of Andorra. A participation in all acts of interference on the part of another power, is declared to be a crime of high treason, and the magistrates are commanded to bring such culprits to justice. 'It being their duty to preserve the prerogatives, neutrality, sovereignty, and freedom of the Valley, unimpaired.' This privilege of neutral ground is, however, attended with one misfortune; and this is, deserters, smugglers, and other persons, escaping from justice in the neighbouring kingdoms, there find a ready and secure asylum. In matters of religion, Andorra, as depending on the bishopric of Urgel, was subject to the inquisition of Barcelona, and the branch of this tribunal established in the Valley, retained its authority there, even after that monstrous edifice had been dashed to the ground by the decrees of the general Cortes of Spain. The ancient arms, as well as numerous authentic records, denote that, in ancient times, the Valley of Andorra formed an integral part of Catalonia, and as such the natives, up to the present day, have all the rights of Spaniards, and without any act of naturalization, obtain in Spain prebends, benefices, as well as all civil and military appointments.

When Philip V., at the close of the war of succession, deprived the Catalonians of their rights and privileges, he formed a project to do the same with the Valley of Andorra; but the exhausted state of his realm, and the dread of offending France, prevented him from carrying his intentions into execution. Charles IV. entertained views of a similar kind, and, as a preliminary measure, actually addressed a requisition, under his own sign manual, to D. José Bolta, Bishop of Urgel, calling upon him to prove, by historical records and charters, his right to the title of 'Sovereign Prince of the Valley of Andorra,' of which he made use in his public acts. The bishopric of Urgel is one of the most important in Spain, as well on account of its extent, as the riches and industry of the districts of which it is composed. It consists of 548 parishes, fifteen cathedrals, eight collegiate churches, nine communities of beneficed clergy, twenty-five convents of friars, and three of nuns. The idea of allowing a church dignitary to wield a temporal power over an independent state, and at the same time, one of the keys of the realm to which he himself owes allegiance, is in itself preposterous. A plan was laid before the Cortes of Spain, in 1820, to put an end to this anomalous form of government, by asserting the rights of the Spanish crown, and annexing the Valley of Andorra to the Principality of Catalonia; but the French invasion, and subsequent dissolution of the national Legislature, prevented this project from being carried into execution. This district, evidently confined within the natural demarcation of Catalonia, as it now stands, is no other than a sad and lasting memento of French conquest and usurpation, undertaken by Charlemagne and Louis the Pious, under pretext of defending their own dominions from the yoke of infidels, when they took possession of Catalonia and Navarre, at a time when the Pelayos and Alphonso of Spain, entrenched on the mountains of Asturias, contended for the freedom and independence of their country. Under the government of the Gothic kings, the Valley of Andorra formed part of Spain; and Cæsar himself prescribed the permanent boundaries of the two kingdoms, by declaring, that all the territory extending

to the south of the Pyrenees, as well as the waters running from the south and west therefrom, should belong to Spain, and that the opposite side should be France. In the arms of Andorra are seen the four bars, or arms of Catalonia, denoting that, in ancient times, it was an integral part of this province. How, therefore, our Gazetteers, even the last edition of the Edinburgh one, published in the present year, can have described the Valley of Andorra as belonging to the Comté de Foix, and consequently forming part of the French territory, is matter of astonishment. Zurita, in his *Annals of Aragon*, (lib. x, cap. 63,) says, 'That the Counts de Foix long held the principality of Catalonia, the county of Castelló and Valley of Andorra, separated from France by the summits of the Pyrenees;' but this dominion ceased from the moment they were expelled from the Spanish territory. The venerable author of the '*Marca Hispanica*,' and no less a personage than the Archbishop of Paris, describes the Valley of Andorra as being 'contiguous to the Comté de Foix;' and Aparici, Nolin, De Fer, as well as Boune, in his map of Foix and Rousillon, (1771,) and Roussel, in his geographical map of the Pyrenees, all place it within the Spanish boundary. The French geographers of a more recent date uniformly do the same, even those whose maps were published during the reign of Napoleon. In the seventh century, the Kings of Spain governed not only the whole of their territory inclosed by the line of the Pyrenees, but also a part of France, known as *Galia Narbonense*, and continued to do so till the Moorish invasion. The Spaniards, anxious to expel their infidel oppressors, implored the aid of the French; but, coming only in the character of auxiliaries, the success of the latter against the common enemy could never have entitled them to territorial rights; and consequently, the original grant on which the independence of the Valley of Andorra is founded, was defective. This district, at our time, must have been of much greater importance than it is at present; as Ferdinand the Catholic, in his last will, left a legacy to Marcos Almogabar, and his five thousand soldiers, so renowned in the wars of those times, who had their origin in the Valley of Andorra, and were reputed as Catalonians. At all events, the views of the French, in upholding the independence of the Andorra republic, in opposition to the rights of the Spanish Crown, and so clearly evinced during the two last invasions, cannot now be mistaken; and it is matter of astonishment, that an usurpation of so glaring a nature, as well as dangerous on the score of precedent, did not enter into the deliberations of the Allied Sovereigns, either at Paris, Verona, or Vienna.

#### VARIETIES.

SELECTED FROM RECENT LETTERS OF CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENTS.

##### FRENCH GAMBLING.

THAT able, enlightened, and patriotic individual, Casimir Perrier, on the 8th instant, presented to the Chamber of Deputies a petition, most largely signed by the inhabitants of Paris, for the suppression of lotteries and Maisons de Jeu. This is truly *melioræ ævi auspiciis*: may he succeed in his generous and patriotic purpose, even if he left to London to be more particularly distinguished hereafter from Paris, by the disgraceful and infamous establishment in St. James's Street!

##### LA MUETTE DE PORTICE.

Is an opera, in five acts, the poetry of which is written by Messieurs Scribe, and Germain de la Vigne, and the music composed by M. Amber. It has been received with great applause at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. Its resemblance in no trifling degree to *Massaniello*, and the late production of Casimir de la Vigne, *La Princesse Aurélie*, detracts, in a great measure, from its claims to originality, although talent and address have been liberally accorded in its preparation. The celebrated *Lazzarone* rebel is the hero of the new piece, and his character is rendered so highly interesting, in addition to its other excellent qualities, that it is likely to become a stock piece with the managers.

##### A NEW STAR.

It was a vulgar prejudice of former times, not yet wholly done away with, that the unusual visitation of an earthquake was connected with the rise or fall of mighty men; or, that it portended extraordinary events in regard to the nations of the earth. The threatened war with Turkey, (and if it occur its consequences may happily well justify the prognostic,) the nomination of the Duke of Wellington to the Premiership of Great Britain, the marriage of Prince Metter-

nich, and the conversion of the Duke of Brunswick to the Roman Church, have each, and either, been adverted to in the Netherlands, as the cause and effect of the late movement of Mother Earth; until 'La Bataille de Navarin, on le Renegat,' a Romance by M. Moke, a native of that highly intellectual and lively city of Bruges, was given to the press, when it was at once admitted, (at least by his compatriots,) that all those speculations had been hitherto erroneous. We must take shame to ourselves in confessing that we have not had sufficient fortitude to sit down to the perusal of this modern Homer; but, with our friends in England, we shall in some degree stand excused, on the ground of national pride and patriotic feeling; admirers, as we must be, of our own transcendent poets, when they learn that the production of M. Moke has been decided by his impartial and enlightened countrymen, completely to eclipse all that Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, or Campbell, have hitherto been induced to offer to the world.

##### DUVERGIER DE LA HAUSSANNE.

This gentleman, who is a member of the present Chamber of Deputies, has just published a second part of his work, intitled 'L'Ordre Legal,' in which he has treated of individual liberty, the prevention of crimes, freedom of worship, of the press and of industry, and of the pre-eminence of the civil authority, as it is said, in a remarkably able manner, that has awakened general attention at Paris to his production. Such publications must be decidedly offensive to those who advocate a legitimate order of things; and we can scarcely be surprised that the bishop of Hermopolis should have thrown up his office in disgust, as wholly opposed to a system profanely regulated by constitutional and liberal principles. Whether the career of the present Ministry in France be or be not brief as that of Mr. Canning with ourselves, its effect on the public mind, and its ultimate advantage to the best interests of the country, will be equally important. These angel visits, if 'few and far between,' are at least sufficient for the exposure of long-endured error and abuses. If natural blindness excludes us from a sight of the world and the world's concerns, from our very births, we may as little regret the privation we submit to, as we are disabled to estimate the enjoyments of others; but, the infliction removed, even for a moment, we writhe under the bitter agony of remembrance, and the mind dwells with tenacious fondness on the beauties of this visible world, which were destined for our gratification and enjoyment. It may not be difficult to interpose between us and knowledge; but when once the fruit of that tree of good and evil has been tasted, it would be vain to induce us to forget either its flavour or its zest.

##### TRAVELLING IN THE NETHERLANDS.

PERHAPS in no country could one travel, but lately, at a price so moderate as in the Netherlands, owing to the spirit which actuated the rival establishments of Lafitte, (brother of the celebrated banker,) and the more ancient society of 'Directeurs des Messageries Royales;' and when we state that for *seven shillings and four pence British*, a journey from Brussels to Paris might be accomplished, some idea of the excessive cheapness of the diligences may be formed. If Mr. Huskisson can digest an association with the Duke of Wellington—another Duke refuse not an alliance with a female banker—Catholics and Dissenters meet half way on the road to union—Mr. Peel applaud Mr. Brougham—it can scarcely surprise us that the bitter enmity of the coach proprietors was appeased to their own profit and the public injury—for the restoration of harmony was announced by an increase of prices in the diligences to more than double the amount of what they had been. 'That was bad enough; but all T. G.'s, with a larger share of curiosity than cash, have yet more to deplore an augmentation of the tax upon barriers, (the Netherland legal fiction of a material English turnpike gate, but in number far exceeding our road impediments,) proportioned to the dimensions of carriages and number of horses by which they are drawn, of such considerable amount as likely to deprive us of the pleasure of perusing many a stage coach tour to the Rhine, and flaming 'evidences of things not seen,' but through the port-holes of a Flemish voiture. Were this the extent of ill, we might endure it with Christian patience; but it is a measure that acts as forcibly against the interests of commerce as that liberal communication with our neighbours we have of late years so greatly enjoyed.

##### THE TUNNEL.

THE accomplishment of a tunnel, on the plan of that of the Thames, to pass beneath the Vistula, has been



proposed to the people of Warsaw, and largely coincided in. Like our M. Brunel, the architect is a foreigner, and the Poles may soon have to boast of as great a bore as any we possess in England.—*Poland.*

#### M. DE FONGERAY.

THE author of 'Les Soirées de Neuilly' has now published the second volume of his work, which fairly justifies the continuance of those eulogiums which the first so largely obtained. The dramatic sketches now given are entitled, 'Malet,' 'Dieu et le Diable,' and 'Les Stationnaires,' and are less remarkable for force of expression than a rigid adherence to the truth of the scene he attempts to describe. The subject of the first-mentioned piece is undoubtedly well known in England, but has been so ably adverted to by a French writer, in allusion to M. de Fongeray's production, that we may probably be pardoned in offering it to our readers. 'Under a Government, no less absolute than faithfully served by those engaged in its administration, a man without reputation, friends, or resources, in the cell of a prison, proposed to effect a revolution in his country, unaided and by his own means. From the solitude of his confinement, where he was exposed to the severest watchfulness and restraint, with an almost idiotic corporeal, unable to comprehend the writings he was employed to copy, for his agent,—a Royalist Abbé, with only less sense than pusillanimity, who, with the intent of serving the Bourbons, was as profuse of boasting as timid in acting, and a Spanish priest who allowed the use of his chamber to the solitary conspirator, under the idea that the liberation of Ferdinand was his aim;—without a franc, an accomplice, or the slightest connection with the army or administration,—at midnight, Malet declared himself against Napoleon, and dared the execution of the most gigantic project ever conceived by man. Five short hours after, and the same individual was master of the Garrison, the Ministry, and the Police. The Prefect of the latter, and the Premier, were his captives who were as instantly replaced by two prisoners of state; while all Paris on awaking, beheld the establishment of a new and unknown Government. Never did the imaginings of a poet go beyond this simple fact; and had it not occurred, its extravagance as an invention would not have been endured.' *Truth is strange—stranger than fiction.*

#### M. F. BARRIÈRE.

THE clever editor of the 'Mémoires de Madame Campan,' has just given to the world a work scarcely less interesting, in the 'Mémoires inédits de L. H. de Lomenie, Comte de Brienne, Secrétaire d'Etat sous Louis XIV.; publiés sur les Manuscrits autographes; avec un Essai sur les Mœurs et les Usages du 17<sup>me</sup> Siècle,' in two volumes, octavo. If ever the events of any period of history have been adequately detailed, or the manners and customs of any court fully illustrated, we would have deemed that the reign of 'Le Grand Monarque' had found annalists 'usque ad nauseam.' M. Barrière's publication is, nevertheless, highly interesting and extremely well written in all that regards his labours as an editor; such parts as he has, to our regret, left to other hands, are easily distinguished by their evident inferiority. His account of 'Les Solitaires de Port Royal,' is entitled to much praise. We have heard that M. Barrière possessed two manuscripts of 'Madame Campan's Memoirs,' both prepared by herself, with the slight distinction of one being adapted for the press under the Napoleon dynasty, and the other to suit the taste of the Bourbons. This plan is, however, defective in ingenuity, compared to that adopted by the chief personage in a Mediterranean island who, on the arrival of a British Governor, addressed to him the very speech he had before used, on his country having been taken possession of by the French authorities, merely substituting 'Le Royaume de la Grande Bretagne,' for 'L'Empire Français;' and 'George troisième,' for 'L'Empereur Napoleon.' As economy is the order of the day in England, it is on the same principle, we presume, that the speeches of Mr. Peel in the one, and of Lord Bathurst in the other House, have been so ably dittied by their subalterns. To confess the truth, it is scarcely possible to have too much of a good thing.

#### DR. CIVIALE.

THE Emperor of Austria and the King of the Netherlands have both recently presented a handsome gold medal to Dr. Civile, of Paris, the inventor of the method of breaking or crushing stones in the bladder, by which a most important benefit has been conferred upon humanity; and the dreadful sufferings of those affected by one of the most grievous maladies we know of, wholly relieved. From his name, we presume

*Civiale* is an Italian: and it must be a subject of rejoicing that, in the race of intellect, under whatever disadvantages she may enter the list, a nation which has so large and peculiar a claim to our interest, hesitates not to start with others for the goal of fame. The names of Civile and of Scarpa, of Alfieri and Ugo Foscolo, Belzoni and Beltrami, would do honour to any age or country.

#### MADAME DE GENLIS.

THE marriage of the heir of the 'Brave des Braves,' (for with his many faults and his one crime, such he was,) is nearly forgotten; or that pretty word, 'siècle,' applied to it by prettier lips; if some Gothic aspirant for favour dares to breathe it in the ear of beauty, in fond anticipation that a similar delightful result may yet attend his *devoirs*, and that his *Eau-de-Cologne* impregnated sighs may win their fragrant way to his mistress's heart. There has been, I have ever learnt, much of the genuine romantic in the loves of the young chevalier and his virtuous bride. Something of sorrow and disappointment once, and much of care; which, in its visitations of youth, is far more keenly felt, than when time has blunted the edge of hope, or subdued the force of passion. Be it as it may, there is no one who remembers his father's fate, and knows her father's virtues, who must not wish them happy, and believe me, my dear Miss, (I address one of the prettiest and most accomplished girls in England,) do not hide your sweet face behind 'The Athenæum;' believe me, on the word of a traveller and a man, that as much of truth and constancy, of virtue and of honour, are to be found in France, as in any country under the sun. But better things have led me wide of my subject. The *eternal* Madame de Genlis has just saved all Paris from despair, by giving them something to talk of. An addition to the ten *heavy* volumes lately published has appeared from the pen of Madame la Comtesse, and, if the steam-engine of 'The Times' be not contracted for, notwithstanding her age and her infirmities, she bids fair to make the printers 'toil after her in vain.' If he be the only one she fears, 'tis well; and, in truth, if the church may effectually step in between her and peril, she has, as far as possible, assured its aid, by a diatribe against all that favours the increase of information, the progress of knowledge, or the amelioration of the state of man; in short, of all that militates against the church, as constituted in France, and as contradistinguished to religion itself. 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit;' and if we behold one in grief and penitence, even after a lengthened career of crime and error, preparing, in sorrow and humanity, for a near arraignment at that bar at which we must all appear, we can but look with interest, respect, and reverence at her going, and, in very charity, refrain;—but we are, happily or unhappily for ourselves, so constituted, that we turn with disgust from the culprit who, instead of imploring mercy of his Judge, turns from his own vindication, to lecture his fellow-men on their duties, and to reprobate their faults, with a degree of boldness and of zeal that might well become an apostle, but is wholly misplaced in a sinner. It has been the glory of England to possess women who have employed their time and talents largely and effectually in promoting the cause of virtue and religion; but how different would have been the result even of their labours, if, with all their other claims to attention and esteem, they had assumed the tone of Madame de Genlis, in the attempt of instructing and improving their fellow-creatures. Madame la Comtesse, however, soars on higher wing; she—and she of all God's creatures!—takes a larger view of her subject, and, grown dizzy by the height to which she has elevated herself, deems the 'still small voice' of persuasion or entreaty as little likely to prevail as her distant cry,—and employs, instead, 'all Jove's thunders;' dealing anathemas and damnation around with fearful effect. In one of her pretended reports to Napoleon, when he occupied the throne, she has solemnly and unblushingly stated, in comparing the state of religion in Protestant Britain and Switzerland with that of France,—and Bonaparte's France too!—that in the former countries it did not exist, while, in the latter, it had taken up its domicile. Age seems but to have hardened these impressions; and, although Madame has condescended to confine her more recent observations to the land of her birth, they are, in regard to it, still more true or just. The French are a gallant and a noble people,—they have ever been so; but, of late years, they have changed greatly, and greatly for the better;—there is much of virtue, and religion is reviving rapidly, amongst them. If what we state be deemed apocryphal, we beg not to be judged by such only as have consorted with

them at 'Very's,' or the 'Rochers de Cancale,'—at the 'Palais Royale,' or the inns on the road. In a similar point of view, we, at home, are little better. Madame de Genlis possesses wit and information; she has contributed greatly to the world's amusement in her historical romances,—in the romance of her life,—in her romantic (the term is not impolitic) statements on the moral condition of France, and of other countries; but she may rely upon it, that her homilies are somewhat, although tardily, infected with the Archbishop of Grenada's feebleness. Let her imitate *Monsieur*, in closing the door upon her secretary; and, in the recesses of her closet, reflect, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' on the world, and the world's vanities. Let her give to herself that time which we may not be disposed further to claim, and which can no longer be 'meant for mankind.'

#### To \*\*\*\*.

Trou hast met him!—he's blest!—in thy absence he ne'er  
Forgot thee;—how could he, a creature so fair?  
Such a jewel to send him, the mine of the sea  
I defy. Art thou happy?—as happy as he?  
Did the welcome he gave thee no farwell recall?  
Were the feelings it waked in thee ecstasy all?  
When he circled thy waist, did no memory rise  
Of the arms that were there, and press'd fonder than his?  
Can he love thee as I do?—he cannot—the glow  
Of a breast such as mine he's forbidden to know;  
'Tis the son of the Muse thou canst love—of his frame  
Not a fibre but 's fire,—he's the offspring of flame!  
You felt it—you own'd it;—forget not the day,  
'T was the eve of that parting, you bade me delay—  
A parting to duty, to happiness due:—  
They pleaded in vain when they pleaded 'gainst you.  
Now choose thee a lover—thou must not have twain—  
Is it I?—as you met, meet him never again;  
Nor the next place nor first, it contents me to own,  
I must reign in thy bosom—a monarch—alone—  
But if his be the fortune, God speed and farewell!  
Why you cherish my passion you only can tell—  
Till it twined round the root of my life—Think it o'er;  
Though I lose thee for ever—I'll breathe it no more!  
I'll breathe it no more!—Oh, thou sweet one! how vain  
Is the pride of the lover that once wears thy chain;  
While the matchless perfection adorning I see,  
Of all that is lovely in woman, in thee—  
Can I speak of a virtue, a charm, or a grace  
Of thy sex, but thy mind or thy image I trace.  
I'll breathe it no more—my whole life shall remain,  
I must breathe it, or never praise woman again! \*\*\*\*

#### To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—There has this moment been pointed out to me a paragraph in 'The Examiner' of yesterday, severely animadverting upon what it is pleased to call 'an almost incredible blunder,' in the notice of 'The Jurist' which appeared in your pages. The passage in question ought to have run thus:

'The Reviewer exposes, in a style full of vivacity and vigour, the absurd and cruel fallacy embodied in the well-known expression of the noble offspring of a late Chief Justice,' &c.

The omission of the words in Italics was an error, whether of the pen or of the press, it is now, I presume, impossible to ascertain.

I should have thought it unnecessary to do more than indicate the mistake for your next list of *errata*, were it not for the high character of the Journal into which this critical fling has found admission. It is very like the 'fleshing of a maiden sword'; the first essay in the field of a young author, who piques himself upon the fineness of his scent, and who does indeed appear to be a puppy blood-hound of no small promise. Some discreet friend might have reminded him, that mere blunder-hunting is not criticism; that it argued but little sagacity to adopt an 'almost incredible' solution of the difficulty, while the plain truth was staring him in the face; and that in the vocation which he seems inclined to adopt, knowledge itself is hardly a more essential requisite than candour.

#### THE REVIEWER OF THE JURIST.

#### SOPHOCLES.

A translation of this author has just appeared in France. It is said to be effected with much fidelity to the original, and written in a style of tasteful simplicity, but is neither so inspired, bright, or dramatic as the latter. We are much pleased with the concluding sentence of the critique on its merits:—'Esperons qu'elle (the Translation) fera lire et comprendre le Théâtre Grec; comme Shakspeare est lu et compris.'

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In a few days will be published, a volume of miscellaneous prose tales and sketches of society and manners, to be entitled, 'Walls and Strays; or Scenes of Life and Shades of Character.' Mr. Lockhart has nearly completed his 'Life of Robert Burns,' for 'Constable's Miscellany,' which will appear on the 13th of April: and in order to gratify those who are already in possession of the best editions of the Poet's Works, a small impression, beautifully printed by Ballantyne, on 8vo., will be ready at the same time. Both Editions will be embellished with a full-length portrait of Burns, engraved by Millar after Naysmith.

In the press, 'The Harp of Judah,' a Selection of Poems relating to the Jews; to which will be added, a few Poems on the subject of different religious societies, in foolscap 8vo.

In the press, a Picturesque Tour of the River Thames, from its source to the mouth, forming a companion work to the Tours of the Rhine, Seine, and Ganges, to appear in six monthly parts, each containing four coloured prints, in imitation of the drawings, by William Westall, with descriptive letter-press. No. 1. will appear on the 1st of May.

In the press, Characters in the Grand Fancy Ball, given by the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Wellesley, at Vienna, at the conclusion of the Carnival, 1826, in thirteen highly-coloured plates, with a description of the entertainments on that occasion.

## LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Gomez Arias, a Spanish Romance, 3 vols. post 8vo., 2s.  
The Head Piece and Helmet, or Phrenology opposed to Scripture, 12mo., 4s.  
A Hundred Years hence, 12mo., 6s.  
Macaulay's Medical Dictionary, 8vo., 14s.  
Rae Wilson's Travels in Russia, 2 vols. 8vo., 24s.  
Wanostrocht's Livre des Enfants, 12mo., 2s.  
Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. Sixth Edition, foolscap, 7s. 6d.  
Jones's Sermons for Family Reading. Second Edition, 12mo., 6s.  
Consistency, by Charlotte Elizabeth, author of 'Osric,' &c. second edition, 18mo., 2s. 6d.  
Davis's Hints to Hearers, 18mo., 2s. 6d.  
Levitzac's French and English Dictionary, by Gros, 16s. 6d.  
Fuller's Gospel its own Witness, a new edition, with his Life, 4s.  
Memoirs of the Rev. John Townsend, 8vo., 9s.  
Dodd's Connoisseur's Repository, vol. 3, 12mo., 8s.  
Reading and Spelling, for the use of the Schools of the New Jerusalem Church, 18mo., 1s.  
The Woodlands, a Treatise on Planting, by W. Cobbett, 15s.

## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

March.	Therm. A.M. & P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
Wed. 26	41° 40°	30. 50	N.W.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus Cumulus.
Thur. 27	46° 41°	29. 12	S.W.	Rain.	Ditto
Frid. 28	41° 39	29. 08	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto
Satur. 29	47° 40°	29. 50	N.W.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus Cumulus.
Sun. 30	44° 40°	29. 75	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto
Mon. 31	44° 43°	30. 05	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto
April 1	50° 45	30. 10	N.E.	Clear.	Ditto.

Rain on Wednesday night and Saturday morning. Sleet early on Friday and Saturday. Thick fog and slight frost on Monday and Tuesday morning. Nights fair except Wednesday.

## Astronomical Observations.

Mercury stationary on the 31st. Long. 19° 26' in Aries.  
The Sun in mean dist. on ditto.  
The Sun's longitude on 1st April, 11° 44' in Aries.  
The Sun's declination on ditto, 4° 39' N.  
Length of day on ditto, 12 hours 54 min.

This day,

**THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW, No. IV.**  
Contents: Sumner's last Will and Testament—The Countess Gire—Cabalas, slave Scintia Sacra—The Life and Adventures of Matthew Bishop—Shadwell's Dramatic Works—Letters of Johan Ashwell.

**HISTORICAL AND ANTIQUARIAN MAGAZINE:**  
John Gower, the Poet—The Peacage Bill in 1719—Original Letters—Baronies by Write—Expenses of two Brothers at Eton College in 1560—Badges, Crests, and Supporters—Society of Antiquaries—Adversaria—Critical Notices—Creations of Honours, &c.—Historical and Antiquarian Works.

London: printed for Baldwin and Cradock.

Of whom may be had,  
The three preceding Numbers; and also, a few sets of the First Series in fourteen volumes.

## HANSARD'S PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

This day is published, in royal 8vo., price 5s., Part I. of **THE PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES** of the Present Session of Parliament.

Printed for Baldwin and Cradock; J. Booker; Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co.; J. M. Richardson; Parbury, Allen, and Co.; J. Hatchard and Son; J. Ridgway; E. Jeffery and Son; J. Rodwell; R. H. Evans; Budd and Calkin; J. Booth; and T. C. Hansard.

\*\*\* In compliance with the wishes of many of the Subscribers to 'The Parliamentary Debates,' the proprietors of that work instead of delaying the publication of the proceedings of the Session until the completion of a volume, have come to the determination of issuing it, for the future, in portions; each portion to contain a quantity of letter-press, equal to the sixth part of a volume, and to appear at intervals, as short as the nature of the work will allow.

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